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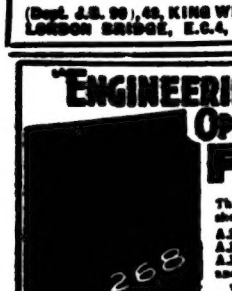

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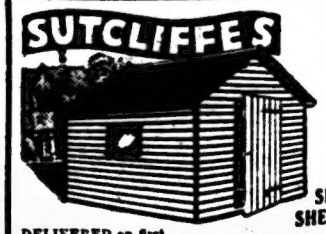

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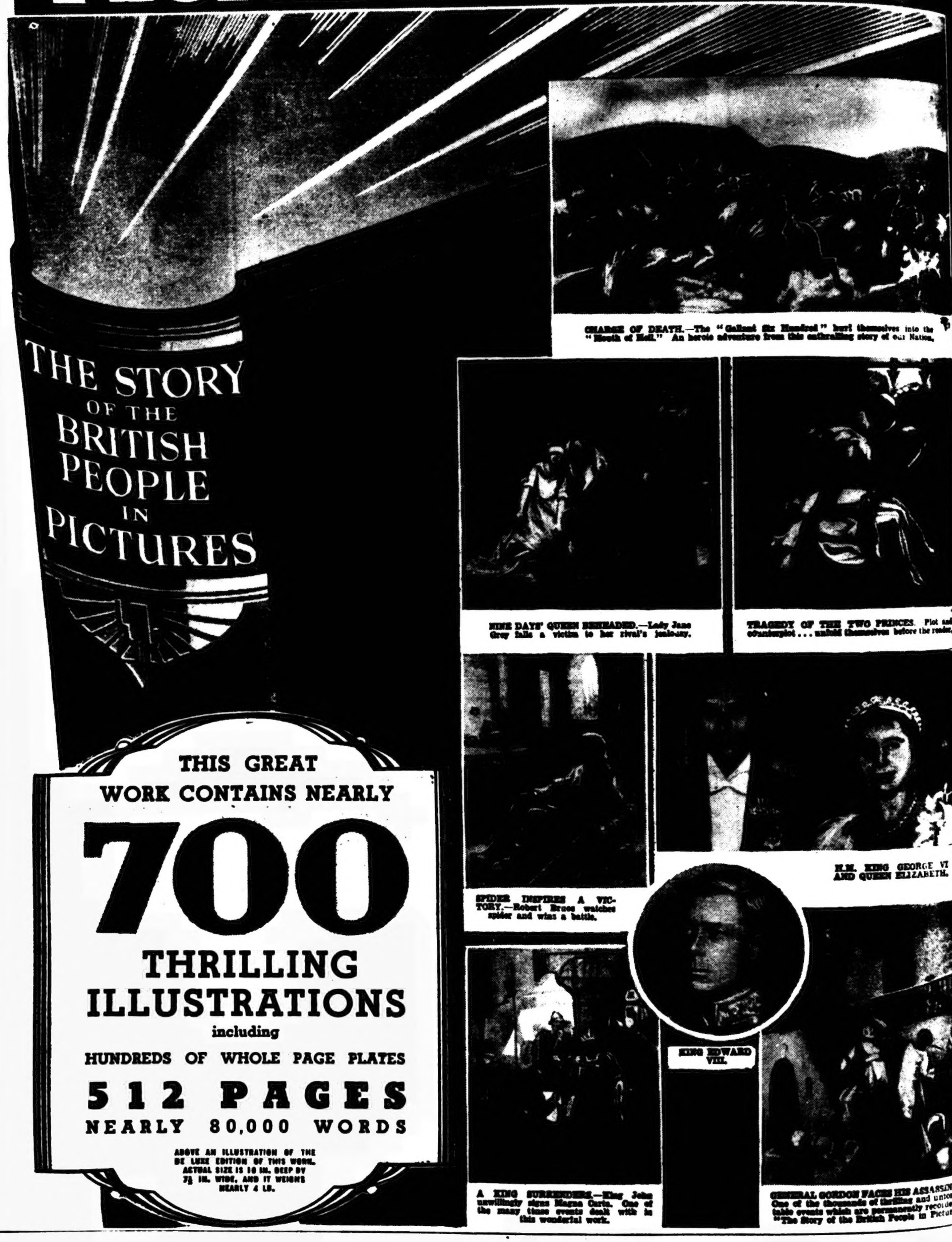

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And behind all this you will see the lives of the people—how they worked and played, how they cooked their meals and protected themselves from famine, drought and invasion—how they made their clothes, their houses and their theatres—men and women whose feet trod the very ground on which you walk to-day.

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2 Cut out two tokens—"Plain" numbered series—from "John Bull"—one from this issue and one from next week's issue. Applicants from this announcement will find the first token No. 243 in the **left-hand** bottom corner of the back cover of this issue.

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"John Bull," 16/1/37

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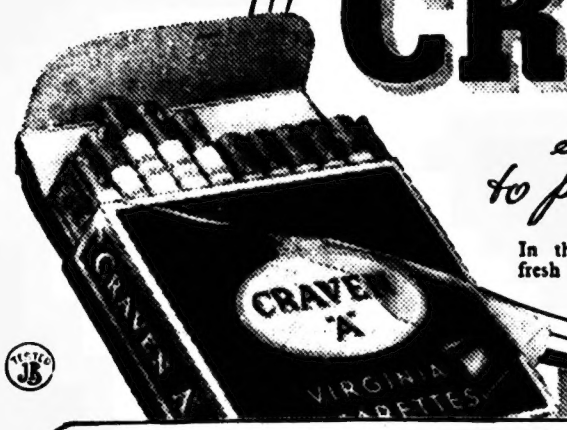

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

THREE WICKED BLUNDERS

About Your Health

Children must be guarded and given more attention in future

GET ready for a storm of inspired agitation against the medical panel services of the country. It is due to be released from Whitehall in the next week or two.

The Ministry of Health is the G.H.Q. for the contemplated assault the medical profession, which will be represented to the country as greedy, lacking in public irit and almost blackmailing. You would be st advised to pay no heed. The whole manœuvre ll be just a smoke cloud to hide another piece bungling by the present Government.

Within the last few days the British Medical sociation has presented an ultimatum to the overnment regarding its new insurance plan bring boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen within the National Health Insurance scheme. The doctors will refuse to erate the scheme on the terms proposed.

First they were asked to accept 6s. yearly for ch patient of this age on their panels, and when ey declined the offer the Cabinet authorised the inister of Health to raise the fee to 7s. 6d. This so has been flatly turned down by the profession, which insists on being paid the full adult ale of 9s. a head.

Our sympathies are with the 16,000 panel ctors who have refused the offer.

When the Government unreasonably decided reject the demand of educationists, economists d social leaders to raise the school-leaving age om fourteen to sixteen, and to provide maintnance during that period, it had no choice but concede the admission of juveniles to health surance. Otherwise young people, accustomed receiving medical supervision and care during eir school lives, would have remained without for at least two years.

Nevertheless, the Government's proposals are mean and inadequate. The youngsters just entering industry are to be made the scapegoats d victims of cheeseparing finance. When they e sick or disabled no cash benefit is to be proded either for their maintenance or the extra cessities of illness. Their parents are expected bear the cost.

The collective experience of panel doctors er the past twenty-five years has made it plain at the seeds of disease and ill-health are sown mong the industrial population during the early dolescent period when, so far, there has been no oper medical supervision.

Therefore, say the doctors, boys and girls must future be better guarded and given more attenon than any other members of the community. octors cannot, and should not, be expected to ve the needed service at cut prices, especially their work will be made more difficult and eavier by the Government's intention to deprive oung people and their parents of necessary sickness benefits.

Resistance and boycott by the medical profession is completely justified. John Bull hopes that it will be maintained until it succeeds not only in bringing the doctors their just dues, but in opening the eyes of the country to the niggardly provision proposed for young people when they fall sick.

While the Government is about this business, it should, if it has the will, take the opportunity to examine the foundations of the whole panel system. Nobody knows better that they are unsound and badly laid than the doctors who administer the service.

Constantly the advice of doctors, to those who can afford it, is not to wait until they fall ill before seeking medical help, but to present themselves periodically to their doctors for overhaul and guidance—at least once a year after thirty and twice a year after fifty-five. This policy of prevention is now being freely followed by those who can pay for it, and has undoubtedly not only preserved life and health, but saved the patients money in the long run.

A system of supervision of this kind would be the basis of a proper State Medical Service. Why should it not now be introduced into the panel organisation? The question is superfluous. No one can give a single reason why it should not be so.

Last week a doctor in Sheffield wrote to John Bull giving the results of his personal examination of this subject for a year. He kept detailed records of every panel patient who had consulted him in that time, and found at the end of 1936 that he had attended 728 of them.

The total included 163 cases of injuries through employment, and of the remaining 565 cases, 82 were definitely traceable to defects which had their origin in childhood or adolescence, and which had long gone unnoticed or neglected.

But here is the remarkable thing. This doctor states that the illness of practically all the other 483 patients—66 per cent. of the whole—could have been avoided or checked, before it caused suffering and unemployment, if he had been able to examine his patients from three to six months earlier.

The experience of this doctor is that of every panel doctor, according to the leaders of the profession. At least one-half of industrial disease, they say, would be prevented or discovered in its incipient stages if the insured workers could be "vetted" once or twice a year.

Of course, a system of the kind would occupy more of the doctors' time, even allowing for the time saved in effecting cures, and the scale of remuneration for panel duties would have to be increased accordingly. But such extra expenditure could not be measured against the consequent saving to the nation in man power and insurance benefits, and to the individual in suffering, loss of employment and income.

Of all the social services, health insurance is the most haphazard. The principal reason is that the administration and distribution of benefits is scattered among more than 600 approved societies instead of being concentrated in one central organisation.

By far the most serious result is a wide disparity in the scales and the types of benefits. Members of societies which take only "selected lives" enjoy many more privileges than those who belong to societies in industrial areas where the incidence of sickness is greatest.

And the gravest infliction on the latter—the majority of the fifteen million insured workers—is that most of them are denied dental treatment of any kind.

"The teeth of the nation as a whole are rotten," said Dr. Alexander MacGregor, of the Royal Dental Hospital Research Department, the other day. This notwithstanding the fact that every schoolchild has to undergo regular dental examination and is supposed to leave school with sound teeth.

How quick is the deterioration that sets in thereafter is to be seen daily at every Army recruiting depôt. A very large proportion of rejections among would-be recruits is on account of unhealthy mouths, due to a few years of want of care and treatment.

Recent research work by the Board of Lunacy Control has revealed that a large section of the asylum population is under restraint through lack of dental treatment. And panel doctors are unanimous in the opinion that the prevalence of rheumatism and digestive troubles—the most common present-day maladies—is due to the same cause.

Dental treatment should be made not only general, but compulsory to all insured workers for no other reason than the immense saving that would be effected in the cost of ill-health to the nation.

Straight From The Shoulder

YARD FIGHTS A NEW CRIME WAVE

SCOTLAND YARD is putting forth all its resources to cope with the new crime wave.

The three months before Christmas was one of the quietest in the memory of the chiefs at the Yard, and they were beginning to think that either they had lived to see a reform of the whole criminal population or that all the "regulars" were in jail.

Then suddenly the storm broke with cat burglaries, fur thefts, jewel raids, and many cases of robbery with violence.

Clever Crook

Detectives had previously been certain that they had killed the fur theft "racket," for it was organised by a crook with a good business head.

Now they are convinced that the most profitable coups are the work of one man who was recently released. The search goes on for this skilled controller of crooks who has a record of being dangerous.

"Phantom Lorry" Thefts

"Phantom lorry" thefts are another mystery the Yard is determined to clear up. The method of the crooks is simple.

Using a big lorry got up to look like those used by leading transport contractors, they secure orders at the principal ports and, of course, the loads of bacon, butter, cheese or eggs vanish.

Police are urging that a better system of controlling and checking transport contractors would end this form of crime.

One man the Yard is not anxious to catch is "Flannel Foot," for they say he never existed except in the imagination of some crime reporter.

Hard On Parents

An Act of Parliament is needed quickly to deal with the power of a Bench of magistrates to allow a child to be taken away from its parents without right of appeal.

A case before Northumberland Quarter Sessions brings this glaring anomaly to light. The father who pleaded in vain for the return of his son—now in the care of grandparents—had to submit to the ruling that he had no power to challenge the magistrates' decision.

This blow to family life cannot be left unchallenged. There must be a right of appeal.

Debt Blackmail Again

When a firm makes a living out of buying up debts it is often found to resort to the methods we exposed last week when we showed how debtors were being terrorised into paying by threats that their names would be broadcast from Continental radio stations.

Now the same firm, Recovery and Adjustment Bureau, Ltd., has found a new line of terrorism.

Tell The Judge

The debtor receives, apparently by mistake, what appears to be a confidential document instructing an agent of the firm to take certain action.

Anyone receiving letters of this kind should show them to the judge. They may confidently await his comments on this bullying by sending imitation confidential documents.

Haste At Inquests

Occasionally, and then only by chance, a miner sits on a coroner's jury when a death in the pit is being investigated.

A Staffordshire mining official who has just had that experience was amazed to find that the remainder of the jury had never been down a mine, and when he asked questions about working conditions and asked for a plan of the workings the others were bored, as they wanted to get back to business while the miner of forty years' experience wanted to get at the truth.

Jews Feed Blackshirts

A little drama has been played in one of the Manchester Jewish quarters reminiscent of the injunction about turning the other cheek.

Several Fascists, wearing black shirts, walked into a soup kitchen and took their places among with others. Jews and non-Jews, who were waiting for free distribution of bread and soup. No difference, of course, is made here, whether the applicant is a Jew or not.

Since this incident other Blackshirts have applied for relief and have got it.

Governor Paid Like Prince

"Hate" Propaganda In Toys

Black Areas Storm

Superintendent Askew leads the fight in a new crime wave

READERS are sending to JOHN BULL packages showing that toys are being sold to the public as British-made when, in fact, they are only packed in containers made in this country while the toy is made abroad.

In most cases the offender is Germany, and whatever the Nazis' need of money may be for arms, buyers of toys should see to it that they are not deceived.

Even a casual examination will show that the articles in the boxes are foreign.

Propaganda Against France

There is another factor equally disturbing.

Along with German games are being distributed leaflets giving out a gross form of propaganda against France.

The game in question shows German soldiers in pre-war uniforms defending their country against invasion by French soldiers, who are also wearing pre-war uniforms.

Hitler—"Kaiser"

So Hitler is to be a Kaiser in all but name, and Goering is to succeed to the Chancellorship.

One result will be that day-to-day political decisions will now get made in Germany instead of being postponed indefinitely.

Hitler will not give decisions when he does not feel like work. When high officials wait with pressing matters which must have the Chancellor's decision, Hitler wanders off, listens to music, is lost in mystic contemplation—and the business waits.

Goering, Chief Bully

The change will make for efficiency in the Nazi State. But remember that State will still be run by men who are murderers, torturers and sadists.

Germany will be even more thoroughly ground under the heel of Nazi tyranny and beastliness than ever before.

Remember what has happened to every critic and opponent of the Nazis. Remember what has happened to the Jews.

What Turkey Wants

The truth behind the Franco-Turkish row over Alexandretta, the Syrian port, is just this:

So long as the French ruled Alexandretta the Turks were quite content, although their claim that about 80 per cent. of the inhabitants are Turkish is approximately correct.

Peace Expected

Now the French have recognised the independence of Syria, which they governed hitherto under a League mandate. The Turks will not have their people at Alexandretta put under Syrian rule. They regard the Syrians as an inferior and unpleasant race.

The French don't want a row about it. Britain certainly does not want a conflict between her two principal friends in the Mediterranean. It will all be settled quietly.

Distressed Cabinet

Parliament rose just in time to save the Cabinet from the full force of the storm of protest against the continued neglect of the Black Areas.

M.P.s meet again on Tuesday next more than ever convinced that "something must be done."

The example of Lord Nuffield, which we deal with elsewhere in this issue, has shown what can and cannot be done by private individuals.

Special Ministers, Or—

Development boards in the distressed areas have come to the conclusion that they have almost reached the [illegible] their usefulness because of their [illegible] powers, and there will be a demand in the next few weeks for the appointment of a special Minister to deal with "special" areas.

Without Government aid the [illegible] East has brought several new [illegible] tries to the relief of some of its distress, but it is recognised that when the programme slows down the old pall will creep over large numbers of the world's finest workers.

Subsidy No Remedy

South Wales has shown that a shilling-a-ton subsidy by the Government has robbed the coal [illegible] of its former supremacy, and even Government's supporters declare a war of subsidies will not put the right.

In South Wales, too, is required balance of industries not all relying the same markets if life is to be ordered back to the silent and gloomy valleys.

But the biggest thorn in the Government's side will be the critics in own Party and Press. Nothing but boldest measures will satisfy them.

Council Bans Phones

When the experts have solved problem, they might also find out it is almost a crime to seek permission to instal a telephone in a corporation house.

Stranraer Town Council has refused to allow one of its own employees lodger in a house on a corporation estate to have a telephone.

Governor Like Prince

Governors of Burma are to be more than Premiers of Britain. This made clear in a new scale of pay allowances issued by the Privy Council showing that on calculable items the Governor of Burma will receive at least £20,000 a year.

First there is a salary of £9,000. Then three official residences will be maintained without charge to him at Rangoon, Mandalay and Maymyo. A generous allowance is to be made for the renewal of furnishings.

Travel by road, rail, and river—also by air—will not cost his Excellency one rupee. On rail journeys he will travel in a special saloon.

Still More!

Motor-cars will be maintained at State's expense. While on leave the Governor will receive a special allowance of at least £300 per month. On appointment he will draw £1,500 for equipment and travelling expenses.

A sumptuary allowance of £900 a year will be paid for entertainment. Private drink and tobacco bought out of this or imported for members of his family or guests will be duty-free.

Tour expenses are estimated at £[illegible] per annum, with £1,650 as a miscellaneous item for the maintenance of motor-cars. Finally, he will have £[illegible] a year to cover expenses in connection with local "honours."

Cyclists Are Watching

Cyclists' organisations are not afraid of the reported intentions of the Ministry of Transport to pass a law dealing with cycling tracks, and other matters thought to be essential to safety on the road.

No matter what some newspapers have said, no concrete plans have been considered.

So little is thought of the talk of compulsory third-party insurance that an official of a leading cycling organisation said that it might cost threepence a year. Organised cyclists can have that insurance at present for nothing.

1, 2 or X?

Which will win—the "home" team or the "away" team? Or will it be a draw?

You need no football knowledge to make 12 such decisions in JOHN BULL giant new "*Bullets* Football" Offer. £1,500 in prizes.

If you can appreciate the good points of winning *Bullets*, you can win—even if you have never actually made a *Bullet* yourself.

Turn to page 42 and shoot for [illegible] First Prize cheque for £1,250!

P. L. Mannock *Tells What's Wrong With British Films*

WASTE *Muddle* GRAFT

At least £1,500,000 was thrown away lightheartedly in British studios last year

BRITISH films, as everybody knows, are making real progress. But this progress would be at least twice as rapid if it were not for the blight of muddle, waste and graft which prevails in many of our biggest studios.

After ten years of legislative protection which compels all our cinemas to show one British film in five, we should be turning out at least one first-class picture every week. Instead, there are less than a dozen films a year worthy of comparison with the steady output of Hollywood. Why?

The answer is: Gross incompetence and wasteful expenditure by the chiefs of production companies.

This has been so flagrant that the confidence of the City in this business has now been seriously shaken. More than one of the Big Five Banks has already decided not to lend further money to incompetent film companies who have made a mess of their business lately; and there is a grave danger of this leading to a financial crisis which must threaten the future of many of our studios.

Huge losses have been made by guaranteed companies, and substantial sources of backing have been heavily let down. Indeed, prodigal over-spending, by drying up capital, will probably mean the collapse of more than one film concern.

Last year 222 feature films were made in this country, and £4,000,000 was spent on them. Of this amount, I estimate that at least £1,500,000 was sheer, inexcusable waste—money thrown away prodigally and light-heartedly.

No one in touch with production operations, as I have been for many years, can escape this broad conclusion. We have the means for making films of the best. Magnificent studios, hundreds of clever, creative technical experts, a wealth of subject material at hand and reserves of talent that only need exploiting.

Yet in most of our studios there is a feeble lack of organisation which would have spelt ruin to any other industry long ago.

In the face of this, stars, directors and authors are swamped. I am not speaking of the cheap Quota "quickie"—soon, I hope, to be abolished by legislation—but of the more important, often-boomed big pictures.

These frequently cash in plenty of money at the box office—but many are disastrous failures. But so much is squandered on those that draw the public that very few pictures show a real profit, and many a huge loss. There is one dominant reason for this—crass mismanagement of production, and the spending of money often, apparently, for the sheer sake of spending. The full story of waste is disquieting.

Lest these statements should be regarded as too sweeping, let me recount only a few of the concrete examples of what I mean, in the past twelve months or so. A well-known Hollywood star was engaged at £1,000 a week. Her salary started the day she arrived in London. No subject was ready for her. Ten weeks elapsed before one was found, and another month before the scenario was ready. Thus £14,000 was added to the picture's cost, with nothing to show for it.

In a film which took many months to make, a leading London actor was paid £200 a week. After working in it for *five months* he was told that it had been decided that another actor should play the rôle. All the scenes in which he had appeared were scrapped and made again with another actor, who was paid £400 a week. This cost, in salary and scenes wasted, £10,000.

Another actor in a comedy was paid £60 a week for four months on end. Only on *three days* did he do any work.

Imported to direct a story, a Hollywood director was paid £800 a week for nine weeks before he even saw the story; and in the same picture £250 a week was paid to an American actor for three months after the film was completed, in case extra scenes were required.

It is quite a common experience to-day for West End actors to be engaged at £20 to £30 a day, and to attend the studio daily for a week or more without being called for a scene.

"Practically every British film made on a serious scale costs from 30 to 100 per cent. more than it need do," declared one of our most experienced directors to me the other day. "One factor is the absurd over-staffing of certain studios."

Prodigal waste exists in many sides of production. A large entertainment building was hired by a director for a fortnight at a cost of over £1,000. The place was entirely unsuitable for the scenes, as the cameraman pointed out; and the two weeks' work was scrapped and remade, at a cost of £6,000, in the studio.

A solid gold dinner service, worth £10,000, was hired, at a cost of £500, by a director, who decided at the last minute to omit it from the scene.

A famous woman star had to open a bottle of champagne in a scene. Forty bottles of real champagne were used, and, with £25 worth of real caviare, consumed by the studio hands—with the result that work had to be suspended for the day!

But the principal cause of waste is the costly delay resulting from the insufficient preparation of story material. When we see a film that looks as if the story were written as it went along, the probability is that if it is a British film that is what really happened.

A subject may cost £1,000 to £5,000 to acquire; several people may be paid £500 each to give "treatments," and it may still go into production without a proper scenario.

Several times last year I have happened to arrive at a studio to find a scenario or dialogue "conference" holding up production, at a cost of £3 to £5 a minute, for hours on end. On one occasion a crowd of 400, besides the principals, was kept idle for two days.

Such delays are just as likely to be caused by ludicrous false "economy." I have seen a whole day's work wasted while an incompetent member of the crowd was being vainly coached to say a simple sentence. The use of such a person at 30s., rather than hiring an experienced actor at £4, has cost the company £500.

This is usually due to cheap, incompetent assistants who call crowds of the wrong type and cast small parts without any knowledge of what is required. And here "graft" comes in.

It is not at all unknown for twenty or more "crowd" artists to be engaged day after day, and either kept off the set or hidden behind scenery by assistants who "arrange" for a rake-off of their salaries.

This has been detected by artists' agents visiting the studios and finding many strange faces. Hire of furniture, pictures and other trappings is also spun out for long periods after they have been used. "Backhanders" are doled out for this, also for timber, fabrics and other materials supplied.

As for "split commissions' on artists, I am satisfied that there is not a single agent who has not been approached by someone in studio authority with some such proposition as: "I will undertake that all the cast is engaged through you on condition that you give me half of your usual 10 per cent. commission on all salaries."

Indeed, it is much to the credit of agents that most of them, at the cost of losing business, refuse to be a party to this form of corruption; but it goes on.

Not all our studios lack organisation. Some, indeed, are admirably run. But extravagant inefficiency, unless curtailed, will certainly land some of them in ruin. Several of last year's films, costing from £120,000 to £170,000 each, could have been made in half the time, at a third of the cost, and been twice as good, had proper management been in force.

Where Hollywood takes weeks, we take months. Lately I learned that some of the finest films of the year were made in Hollywood, after proper preparation, in twenty to thirty days.

No wonder the British film is not advancing as it should. Everyone rejoices at a good native picture. We get far too few—mainly for the above reasons. These are not simply my personal views, but conclusions shared by many authoritative people in the industry, including, I am convinced, most of those actually in the studios.

Here is what Ernest Fredman, editor of the *Daily Film Renter* and one of the trade's most prominent men, says:

"British production, we realise, has not fulfilled its promise in the past twelve months. Our producers have spent lavishly—but where has it got them? They made pictures in vast and palatial studios; they have lavished upon them expensive sets; brought over stars at fabulous prices—and for what?

"The stories have not appealed to picture fans, for their entertainment value has been lamentably lacking. They still make subjects the ordinary cinema-goer is not interested in; they have learned no lesson.

"If you survey British films of yesterday, deep disappointment will reign in your heart. A long vista of pictures stretches behind me, representing an appalling amount of money, which haven't set the box office alight, or anything like it—because our producers think they know better than the showman or patron."

It is deplorable that our native status in literature and drama has little to correspond on the screen; and it may be doubted whether the men in charge are those fitted for their national responsibilities.

When—if ever—will the British film industry shake off its smug self-satisfaction and pull itself together?

Exclusive Informations Directed By Sir Wyndham Childs

Widow of Seventy Jailed for 6d.!

OFFICIALS of the Fulham Public Assistance Committee were doubtless looking for a job when they jailed Mrs. Mary Ann Cook, of Chelmsford Street, London, for failing to disclose the fact she was earning half-a-crown a week.

The poor old lady was left a widow six years ago, and is now seventy-two years of age, yet she was haled before the West London magistrate to endure the ordeal of public exposure and degradation.

It is a pity that official zeal, which should be applied to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and aged, should bring them added sorrow and trouble!

The circumstances of Mrs. Cook's conviction and subsequent imprisonment will shock all who read of them.

The sum total of the offence for which she appeared before Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., was that she had worked for a local hairdresser, earning a miserable fivepence each morning, and had omitted to reveal this pitiful effort to make ends meet!

Mrs. Cook's old-age pension is ten shillings a week, and her rent accounts 1or 6s. 6d., while a hundredweight of coal costs 2s. 4d. She has been a tenant of a little flat in Chelmsford Street, Fulham, for more than thirty years.

In the last ten years of her married life she worked and struggled to support her crippled husband. Since then the Fulham Public Assistance Committee has made her an allowance for rent and fuel.

Every now and then, "Mr. Bumble," of Fulham, produces an official form that must be filled and signed by the applicant for assistance, but as Mrs. Cook is unable either to read or write, the conditions are read out to her, and she is invited to add a cross instead of a signature.

One wonders whether the meaning of the official verbiage is lost upon her dim understanding. Anyway, she has appended her mark, and the statement presented to the committee has decided the amount to be allowed her.

Poor old lady, she has lived on the borderline of poverty all the days of her life, denied the riches of the cheapest literature, unable to take part even in the zest of news; latterly unable to enjoy the pictures.

When she became eligible for the old-age pension she thought that was entirely her own affair.

The result was that, bewildered and distressed, she found herself in the police court, fined, with the alternative of serving nine days in Holloway Jail, for not letting "Mr. Bumble" know she had reached pensionable age!

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That was two years ago, and, needless to say, she served the sentence, for she hadn't a shilling in the world. And now, fined fifty shillings again, for failing to disclose that she was earning her weekly half-a-crown, she has suffered the incredible penalty of yet another sentence of seven days.

Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., put his finger on the spot when he asked the Public Assistance Officer what difference half-a-crown a week made to the amount of the relief that was given, and the answer to that searching question was illuminating.

"Sixpence," was the reply.

But for the sake of that sixpence, Mary Cook, that seventy-two-year-old widow, served a sentence of seven days in Holloway Jail, to be released after a mere cup of tea in the small hours of a wintry morning, and left to find her way back to her lonely flat as best she could.

No food at home, the rooms dank and damp after a vacant spell, a letter from the Metropolitan Police inviting her to call on the Court Missionary.

This in the year of grace 1937! And in Britain! It is difficult to contemplate the facts calmly.

And all for sixpence! Officialdom must bide by the rules, no doubt; such cases must be dealt with as a matter of routine.

That is all very well; but surely it should never be necessary to apply hide-bound rulings in cases, such as the above, where the circumstances clearly demand a touch of humanity and consideration rather than a relentless adherence to red-tape regulations.

Surely officials should be allowed some discretionary powers in assessing the merits of a case.

We refuse to believe that any man would want to send old ladies of seventy to jail on such trifling pretexts.

Mrs. Mary Ann Cook. Her martyrdom must never be repeated

Maimed Seaman's Fight for Justice

JOHN BULL'S postbag is crowded with stories of hardship under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, and an apt illustration is the case of Mr. Mark Kearney, aged forty-one, of Clarendon Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

Although this ex-seaman, as a result of an accident on board ship, has been incapacitated from earning his living for the past three years, he has received not a penny in compensation, and has been forced to exist on a grant from the local Public Assistance Committee.

When the case came before the County Court it was partly lost because Mark Kearney, who is not a man of much education, misunderstood the word "incompetent" for "incapacitated," when used by the captain of his ship.

In January, 1934, Kearney was examined and found fit for work, as a fireman, by the ship's doctor and sailed on the s.s. *Alban* from London to Brazil.

The second day out, an accident happened which resulted in serious injury to Kearney's left shoulder and arm.

He was attending to the fires with a long implement known as a "slice," when the furnace door, owing to weak fittings, blew open. As the hot door struck his arm, the "slice" crashed heavily on his shoulder.

A small incident in life at sea! After the accident Kearney tried to carry on with his work, but increasing pain made this impossible.

He was attended by the ship's doctor, but for the remainder of the voyage out to Brazil and home again he was unable to do anything but light duty, as one arm was quite useless.

Home in England, he was advised to go to a hospital or his own doctor for treatment. This man had been going to sea since 1916 and his papers were in perfect order.

Mr. Mark Kearney

For a long time Kearney had his injured arm fixed in a frame, and although he no longer wears this contraption, his arm is useless for all practical purposes.

Yet this man has been denied compensation.

He has based his appeal on the following points:—

(1) He was passed fit for service by the ship's doctor.

(2) That the doctor was not called to give evidence at any time during the legal proceedings.

(3) When the ship's doctor was called as a witness he was away on holiday, and Kearney contends that in these circumstances the case should have been adjourned, but this was not done.

(4) The ship's log was not produced in court.

Further, any suggestion that the condition of Kearney's arm might be due to some old injury cannot be squared with the fact that he was passed as fit.

Apart from that there is the evidence that he received his injury in the accident with the furnace door, which was duly reported to the captain at the time.

Yet the case went against this injured seaman in the courts and all his attempts to secure justice have failed.

Still incapacitated from earning his living, yet denied compensation, he is compelled to exist on a weekly grant from the Public Assistance Committee.

"My health had always been good until the time of the accident," Mark Kearney assures us. "I was well known as a boxer in Liverpool and had fought contests at the Stadium and elsewhere.

The following extract from a well-known specialist at the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, speaks for itself:

"I am interested in the case of Kearney, who is a patient of mine and who has made an unsuccessful claim for compensation. He has asked me to give him a medical report on his condition.

"Since I feel that the man has been done an injustice I should be happy to support any appeal which may be made from the decision of the court, and I think he has a fairly strong case if he is properly represented.

"I shall be happy to give any medical report or evidence on his part without fee."

Yet this kindly offer from a specialist made no difference. Kearney's chance of obtaining employment owing to his injury has been reduced to nil, and his future will be black indeed unless the authorities agree to reconsider his claim.

JOB SHARK'S LURE

THERE is a type of fee-snatcher ready to profit either from adversity or prosperity. Most recent information locates this trickster at Bristol, but it is quite likely that he will appear in any provincial city.

The essence of the tale is the same, whatever the trimmings; and it is essential that no fees should be handed over no matter what inducements are held out.

The menace who appeared at Bristol went round canvassing for men to fill jobs, and said that the names had been given to him by the Old Comrades' Association.

In this instance he said he wanted men to instal boilers at a local hospital, and asked whether his unemployed victims were members of the "Boilerman's Union."

Of course, the prospective victims were not members of the "Boilerman's Union," because there is no such organisation.

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Even if there were, it would not send round canvassers to find skilled workmen to instal boilers, which is a skilled job. Nor is it likely that any employers would be so foolish as to recruit their labour on the door-to-door principle.

Well, these Bristol men were naturally so anxious to get the job that they readily parted with the 8s. demanded as the fee for becoming members of the mythical union which would provide the imaginary passport to the non-existent job.

That is the present line on which the fee-snatchers are working, and they will use any measure of returning prosperity to gull men into thinking that there are so many jobs that they must look for the men instead of the men looking for the job as is at present the case.

So, look out for the fee-snatcher and inform the police as soon as you make sure that he is after your money and has no real job to offer.

FOOT CLINIC FADE-OUT

HOW'S your poor feet?" a music-hall quip of other days, has become a grim jest to hundreds eople in the North.

ey are the victims of a plausible smart young man, Mr. James nahan, who has described himself as well-known Lancashire consulting ialist in Foot and Rheumatic bles."

onahan first opened up a small shop Church Street, Preston, which he fied with the name of "Foot pital."

decided to open another "foot ital" at China Street, Lancaster, ch was again a small shop and never the slightest resemblance to a ital.

ith these two establishments open, "well-known" Lancashire consult-specialist, whose name was unheard ntil he opened the small shops in ston and Lancaster, began an adver-g campaign which was calculated to the Lancastrians sit up and take ce.

double-column advertisement in a caster newspaper was headed:

AVE YOUR FEET' CRUSADE IN LANCASTER.

GREAT FOOT-HEALER'S NEROUS OFFER TO SUFFERERS."

Feet that laboured their way from r owner's homes walk back again magically restored ease and speed, from aching, swelling, burning ideness or strain."

read this almost lyrical advertise-t.

This welcome transformation can be ved within a few minutes of taking Free First-Aid Treatment so gener-given by Mr. James Monahan, the d foot-healer, now in attendance h his staff at the Foot Clinic and th Centre. No pain. No tickets. introductions. No waiting. No ation. No obligation. No fee.

The clinic is open free to all for the al purpose of relieving and freeing many persons as possible from their -crippling troubles."

spite of the obvious humbug of advertising, it was not long before e numbers of patients were hobbling the foot hospital in China Street.

Mr. James Monahan, with a charming h accent and a "bedside" manner, comed his victims.

Those who had been misled by the o fee—No obligation" slogan in the ver isements were quickly cured of "free treatment" ideas they may e had. The fees Monahan charged e of his patients would make a chiro-ist envious.

The experience of a woman living on

The abandoned "hospital"

the outskirts of Lancaster is typical. She paid five guineas, which she could ill afford.

She had a few treatments from the supposed foot specialist, but any hopes that she would trip home lightheartedly or light-footedly were soon dashed.

"My feet did not improve the slightest bit," is her unpublished testimonial. "I should consider the treatment dear at five shillings. At five guineas—well, I ask you?"

A newsagent on his early morning rounds found his feet lacking in enthusiasm for their job, and he heard of the great "Save Your Feet Crusade."

To his sorrow, he met Mr. Monahan, who as a preliminary extracted a pound from him.

At his next visit Monahan told him that the treatment could not go on unless he paid the balance of £3 4s., making a total of four guineas.

The newsagent paid.

So Monahan continued his bluff. He was seldom at the "hospital" to give treatment, once the fees were paid, and patients too often had to be content with treatment at the hands of a "nurse."

"She did to my feet what I could have done myself, and done better," said the newsagent.

It went on until a number of foot-sore Lancastrians found the "hospital" closed.

For days there was a procession of patients who had paid their fees in advance, but James Monahan had disappeared.

Many wrote scorching letters to his address at Church Street, Preston, but they were returned marked "Gone away."

Investigations show that Prestonians who had attended the shop in Church Street, which was described as "the finest and best-equipped hospital of its kind," had been treated in the same way as patients at Lancaster.

One Preston woman paid five guineas for treatment. She called a few days later to find the Foot Hospital closed. Monahan had again done his disappearing trick.

We have said enough, we think, to show that this queer specialist, with his "Foot Hospitals," his "Save Your Feet" campaigns, and his "free treatment" and fee-snatching, is best left alone.

He is obviously an impostor who continues to thrive on fees extracted from people who can ill-afford to spare the money.

There are cases, indeed, where patients have denied themselves necessities in order to pay for treatment.

It is likely that this blatant fee-snatcher will transfer his activities to other towns, and for that reason we warn our readers to beware of Monahan.

CHARITY CHEAT'S NEW DRIVE

WE learn that the Destitute and Homeless Help Society, of Kennington Road, London is active again, on this occasion in Swansea and South Wales!

Frederick Booth, a most persistent sham-charity-monger, having thoroughly combed the Midlands and the North, is busy engaging house-to-house collectors in the mining valleys.

Be on the look-out for his misleading circulars, telling of doughty deeds done in the relief of distress on the Thames Embankment, and his tales of "free meals" and "free beds" for the unfortunate.

He has been exposed before, but as he has now descended on Swansea, this further warning is desirable.

He has rented what he is pleased to call a "branch office" in Gower Street, and actually telegraphed asking one secretary in Manchester to take it over, while another of his "branch managers" in Hastings was seeking to secure salary that was overdue.

Booth has also been advertising in South Wales for young "ladies" of smart appearance and manner to call on local housewives, and these he assures will receive a wage of at least thirty shillings a week.

Four women collectors were recently appointed to canvas Gorseinon, Loughor, Gowerton and Clydach, although not a solitary hostel exists in the whole of South Wales!

Housewives in Wales will be wise to shun his appeals.

Walter "Romeo" O'Driscoll

Romeo Rogue Unmasked

NUMEROUS people—chiefly women—are the victims of a picturesque rascal known as Walter O'Driscoll, who flits from place to place around London and suburbs.

Not so long ago O'Driscoll went to Reede Road, Dagenham, Essex, to lodge, turning up with a fascinating smile and a romantic version of his adventures.

Plausible scoundrel, the theme of his story centred upon a tale he told of moneys he had to come, and he soon formed a number of friendships. He was so convincing that one young woman pawned her jewellery in order to advance him a considerable sum to tide him over temporary difficulties.

He paid his landlady nothing for his maintenance, borrowed right and left, and even attempted to make love to a mother of two children whose husband was at work during the day.

O'Driscoll proved as unscrupulous in his behaviour as he was ardent in his attentions, for he used his charm over this young mother to induce her to pledge her wedding ring on his account. Then he vanished!

Enquiries show that he went to Heathway, where he secured full board and lodging on the strength of a similar tale of money he expected to receive. Among other things, he got his landlord to stand security for him when he obtained a bicycle by hire-purchase.

He left owing a fortnight's lodging, while the owners of the cycle sought him in vain, and while yet another woman to whom he promised marriage sold her piano to raise funds to help him, fully believing that he was all he pretended.

Another of his tricks was to get himself involved in a street accident, and then claim compensation, talking glibly of his financial expectations in this direction.

A tailor who afforded O'Driscoll credit in the hope he would get payment from this source is now among the great army of creditors.

But they are all disillusioned. Those who gave O'Driscoll credit, those who gave him free board, and the women to whom he promised marriage are alike victimised to-day. They have found that the only money he ever received came from the Public Assistance Officer!

Now he cannot be found, and many people believe that he has fled to Ireland, where he has a wife and six children.

wo Vanished Bucketeers

NTERESTING information reaches JOHN BULL concerning a firm of out-side stock and share brokers which des under the name of C. Rankin vens and Company, and has offices in nnon Street, London.

According to the records of the Busi-ss Names Registry the firm was rted in March, 1935, by Claude Rankin vens and Harry Joseph Goulding. At time both men were living in nover Square, London.

During the past twelve months the pany carried out an extensive, hly organised campaign of share shing under the direction of Gould-

A great deal of canvassing was done means of the telephone in addi-to the usual type of touting circular. Frequently the methods of Goulding d his partner were criticised in the ancial columns of reputable publica-ns.

Investors were warned to exercise the strictest caution in dealings with C. Rankin Nevens and Co.

In spite of this the firm continued blandly to fleece the public with shares of dubious value.

Large blocks of shares in Kirkland Gold Rand, Ltd., a Canadian mining concern, were unloaded, with extensive profit to Goulding and Nevens.

Towards the end of last year Goulding left this country for America.

Now an enquiry at the Cannon Street offices brings to light the fact that Nevens has also crossed the Atlantic.

The manager in charge cannot forecast when either of the two partners will return. Apparently the movements of both Goulding and Nevens are distinctly uncertain. The manager expects, however, that the business will continue.

That seems a pity, for C. Rankin Nevens and Co is a house that can well be spared from the City of London.

It is a bucket shop of the most notorious and unpleasant kind.

PICTURE PLUNDERERS

BE on the look-out, housewives, for an individual of an official appearance and manner who wants to know how many you have in family, your husband's earnings and so forth.

Although he may suggest that his call is of an official nature, his pose is just a pretence to gain your confidence. And having gained it, he will endeavour to persuade you to let him have a family photograph for enlargement.

Many are the complaints made by those who have been tricked by this latest device of the doorstep photographer.

The "photograph enlargement" ramp has found numerous victims in Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester, besides London and suburbs.

A Twickenham reader who was visited by a canvasser, who created the impression he was from the local authorities, was assured there was nothing to pay; that the offer was part of an advertising scheme. But disillusionment came with a bill for 18s. 6d., and a threat of county court proceedings.

* * *

These pernicious methods are practised in one form or another by a good many enterprising "Art Studios" and similar firms.

All doorstep touts of the class here described should be given short shrift.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE CIGARETTE....

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

To be sure of having the quality which gives satisfaction to millions of smokers, see that you smoke the genuine Player's 'Medium' Navy Cut. Your safeguard is to look for the words PLAYER'S 'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT on each cigarette and the lifebuoy trade mark on the packet.

PLAYER'S PLEASE

10 FOR 6d. PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 FOR 11¾d.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

THE LIFEBUOY TRADE MARK IS ON EVERY PACKET

N.C.C.367.A

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Slums Of The Sea Doomed At Last

DEAR MR. RUNCIMAN,—As President of the Board of Trade you have accepted a new code of accommodation for crews of British ships which, if carried into effect properly, should wipe out the charge that we, the greatest seafaring nation, have many of the sea's worst slums.

The code has been pressed for years, and the wonder to the landsman is that sailors tolerated such conditions.

A simple catalogue of the recommendations accepted from the Association of Port Sanitary Authorities make me ask—why did you wait so long to do something to end this scandal?

* * *

Some of the simplest requirements are:

That in future food must be stored so that rats cannot get at it, and away from vermin.

Crews' quarters must not be below the load-line; firemen and sailors to have separate sleeping quarters, and washing rooms.

Messroom accommodation to be separate from sleeping quarters; seats must have backs; ventilation without draughts.

Protection from mosquitoes; living quarters to be painted a light colour; daily inspection by an officer; metal bunks in place of wood.

Adequate drying apparatus for clothes; improved circulation in stokeholds.

Separate hospital accommodation in foreign-going vessels with a crew of more than 50 or of a tonnage exceeding 2,500.

Drinking water to be stored in steel or galvanised tanks.

* * *

For years seamen's organisations have been hammering away at reforms of this kind. It took the weight of the Port Sanitary Authorities to swing you round in favour of this long-overdue reform.

It has been hard to get the employers to agree to this humanitarian move, but now that you have taken the plunge there must be strict observance of the "comfort code."

It is to apply to all ships, plans of which must be submitted to you and the Minister of Health before construction begins.

* * *

You may recall the indignation you worked up in the House of Commons last year when answering the charges made by Mr. Arthur Greenwood about the "slums of the sea."

By taking this belated step you have admitted the justice of his charges and have at the same time done something to wipe out a scandal.

You agree now that though Britannia may rule the waves she could not rule that her seamen should have even the normal decencies of modern civilisation.

During your present visit to the United States you can use your good offices to persuade President Roosevelt to agree to the ratification of the Seamen's Charter, adopted at Geneva by all the leading maritime nations.

The evil of shocking quarters for crews has gone on too long. See that this is the big step towards wiping out the stain on the name of British shipping, and that the men who bring in our food have homes afloat that will make them contented.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. PENROSE,
Vicar, Christ Church, Brixton

DEAR SIR,—So you have come down from the rarefied air of Tintwistle, in Cheshire, to lead the young people away from the lure of the dance hall, the cinema and all the other harmless amusements that cannot be cut out of the life of one of the most virile suburbs of London.

You admit that at the age of thirty you have a lot to learn about life. In the Brixton area they may be able to show you that they can be truly religious and still go to cinemas, dance halls and theatres.

JOHN BULL.

TOTNES TOWN COUNCIL,
Democrats

GENTLEMEN,—I wish there were more councils with your spirit. You are right in refusing to be put off by Devon County Council which refuses to divulge details of the compensation paid to landowners and property owners for land acquired to build a by-pass road near Totnes.

This unnecessary opposition by the county council creates suspicion where there should be none, and I hope that if they do not change their minds that you will have the matter thrashed out in Parliament.

Ratepayers of Totnes paid £2,500 towards the compensation of landlords, and they have a right to know what happened to the money.

JOHN BULL.

Holiday Gloom Must Be Dispelled
Peace Pioneer In East End

Councillor R. A. CHOPPIN,
Broadstairs

DEAR SIR,—You are a pessimist. After telling Broadstairs Council that you were "afraid of the uncertain position in European affairs," you persuaded a majority not to engage a concert party to play in the handsome new pavilion.

By doing this you hope to save the council £1,000—should war break out.

A fellow councillor told you that it was silly to cut down expenditure like that, and that to behave the way you were doing was guaranteed to bring trouble quickly.

Really, what Broadstairs thinks about the next war—if there is to be one—does not matter, but it does matter that responsible public persons should deliberately set out to make holiday-makers gloomy.

JOHN BULL.

Signor STARACE,
Secretary, Fascist Party

DEAR SIGNOR,—As Mussolini's right-hand man you may not know what his left-hand man is doing, but you do know that it is not Italian for Fascists to shake hands.

If Fascists continue to be old-fashioned you will have a terrible verdict recorded against them in the card-index system where all the tittle-tattle that your thousands of spies can gather is neatly filed.

Now you can shake hands with yourself for having gulled the Italian people into living so long in an atmosphere of mock heroics and theatrical Cæsarism.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT BULL,
Butcher, Merthyr

DEAR SIR,—Fines totalling £70 were imposed on you for offences under the Public Health Act. What that means, in fact, is that you had prepared for human consumption the carcase of a cow that was unfit (unsound and diseased) for anything but feeding hounds.

The evidence of the dealer who sold three animals to you was that one was valued at £9 and the other two at £1 each. One cow was intended for the knacker's yard.

In court, the stipendiary magistrate described your action as a "wicked and dastardly imposition." It was.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. J. MALLON,
Warden of Toynbee Hall

DEAR SIR,—Few men know the problems of the East End of London better than you do. That is why I heartily commend your move for Jew-Gentile clubs as part of the effort to end the strife caused by the Fascists.

Many of these clubs are needed, and if you and your co-workers can get Jews and Gentiles to work for a common cause they can laugh at Mosley and so present the best kind of united front against any movement to stir up racial feeling.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. H. BISHOP,
Derby, Coroner

DEAR SIR,—When the sister of Elizabeth Smedley, of Derby, 'phoned for an ambulance to take her to hospital following a fall downstairs, she was told that unless ten shillings could be paid the ambulance would not attend.

As a result the injured woman walked to hospital suffering from a compound fracture of the arm, and died from blood-poisoning four days after admission.

You expressed the hope that the authorities would look into the matter. I go further and declare that the people of Derby and all other towns should demand that an ambulance service should be available to all ratepayers, whether they can or cannot pay.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. WEST,
Chelmsford

DEAR MADAM,—After having brought up thirteen babies of your own, you have just adopted another. "I felt I should like another tiny tot," you say.

What an example to thousands of other mothers who, the children grown-up, find themselves without an occupation.

How much better to do as you have done—adopt one of the thousands of desolate babies, give it a home and affection, and find a natural outlet for maternal instinct.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. BROWN.
Civil Service Clerical Association

DEAR SIR,—At last your union has been compelled to make the decision which gives you command of the field following the splendid fight you put up against the Treasury for wage increases.

Between you and the President, Mr. Ross Wyld, there were acute differences of opinion on how the policy of the union should be conducted.

You took the risk of fighting the keepers of the nation's money-bags—and won, and now you have gained control of the union through defeating the president in a fair duel judged by a full delegate meeting. Good luck!

JOHN BULL.

A Very Special Investigator Sees

Ghosts In Parliament

WHEN Parliament's in recess
The ghosts begin to walk
And eerie whisperings
Take the place of talk.

Walking through the Commons
A day or so ago
(Parliament is empty
Until Tuesday, as you know),

I came across some wraiths,
Transparent, thin as air.
One of them was sitting
In the Speaker's chair.

Some sprawled along the benches,
One or two were deep
In earnest conversation—
And some were fast asleep.

In the chair was Simon,
Earl de Montford, who
Founded the concern
In 1262.

('Sixty-five's the real date,
But it wouldn't rhyme.
Never mind! let's hope we have
Better luck next time.)

"Gentlemen!" he whispered,
"Are you satisfied?
Does this House of Parliament
Make you thrill with pride?

"The institution's excellent,
But oh! the people in it!
I simply couldn't stay here
For a single minute!

"These Tory ditherers who sit
Precariously on the fence,
Break their election vows,
And platitudes dispense. . . .

"Oh, gentlemen, it grieves me
More than I can say!"
And with these words the pioneer
Faded—*whist!*—away.

Then Cromwell rose and with a frown
Pointed to the mace.
"I once," he said, "described that
bauble
As a sheer disgrace.

"But I believe in Parliament
In spite of all I said.
If they didn't talk in here
They'd talk elsewhere instead!"

Then Charles James Fox uprose
(He was often drunk, you know)
"If Cromwell thinksh itsh right,"
He said, "it mush be sho.

"But what I'd like to shee
In the Housh of a modern shtate
Is a 24-hour lishenshe
And free drinksh during debate. . . ."

The ghosts made a lot more speeches.
There was gouty William Pitt
Who wasn't satisfied
Till he'd said a *very* big bit.

And Charles the First obliged
With a catchy little song
About how he lost his head
Over wine and women and wrong.

And then the ghosts adjourned
To go into committee—
Which, from the point of view of a
very special investigator,
Was a pity.

LATER.

To disappear
The ghosts resolved;
So the ghosts divided
And dissolved.

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without neglecting home duties

I am speaking, *says Mr. John Moores, of Littlewood's,* to married women—and single girls, too—who long for something to brighten their lives, bring them in touch with new friends, and at the same time earn them A USEFUL SPARE-TIME INCOME.

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CRUSH The *Bread-and-Butter* Gangsters

By A. G. GARDINER

WITHIN the past few days the price of bread in this country has risen to the highest point recorded for seven years. If I call this the most momentous domestic event of the New Year, I do so, not because of the fact itself, but because of what it signifies. It is the portent of coming events that will upset every household budget in the land. And not household budgets only. Those events will upset the whole economy of society.

They will affect not only the cost of living, but the costs of production, the real value of wages, and the whole basis of the industrial structure.

The era of low prices, which has enabled this country to tide over these critical years so successfully, is passing. We have lived cheaply because the world has been so poor that it has had to sell below cost. And since we draw upon the resources of the outside world more than any other nation we have profited most by the world's poverty.

Now the tide has turned. Commodity prices have risen, are rising, and threaten to continue to rise.

Much more than an enquiry into city gambling is needed to stop the scandal of violently fluctuating prices of domestic commodities

It is not only the price of wheat that is soaring to higher levels. Rubber, tin, copper, iron, steel, wood, the foods we eat and the materials we use in manufacture, are all on the upgrade.

If you want to cast the horoscope of the future, watch Mincing Lane. It is worth watching for reasons which I will explain.

But first let it be said that a rise in the price of commodities from the level of the years of the Great Slump was not only inevitable, but desirable.

It was impossible that the primary producing countries could go on producing and selling at a loss. That meant bankruptcy for them, and ultimately bankruptcy for their customers. For if they could not sell at a profit neither could they buy.

Nothing like a real recovery of world prosperity was possible until the producers of commodities were able to produce at a profit instead of a loss.

That time was bound to come by the natural play of the forces of supply and demand.

But two things have happened which have given an impetus to commodities that is alarming. Already in some cases prices are too high, higher than is justified by the movement in the world price level and by market conditions themselves. And the boom is only in its infancy.

The first of these happenings is the peril of war which overshadows the world. This has caused an unprecedented demand for those essential commodities which every nation needs in time of peace and cannot exist without in time of war.

Germany, Italy, France, Britain, Russia are all furiously engaged in a race of armaments, and are piling up vast reserves of food, tin, rubber, wool, cotton and so on against an explosion that may come, no man can say when or how.

This alone was bound to react on the prices of commodities and to send them soaring, if not sky-rocketing. If every nation is clamouring for the same commodities and is prepared to pay anything to get them, prices are bound to rise.

But it is the second cause of the boom in Mincing Lane to which I wish to call attention. We cannot stop the world competition for commodities based on the fear of war. But we can and ought to stop the gambling in those commodities which is inflating prices beyond all excusable limits.

That is what is happening now and will happen more alarmingly if preventive and drastic steps are not taken.

The centre of speculation has passed from the Stock Exchange to Mincing Lane. The boom in industrials, due to rearmament, has reached its zenith, and both the investor and the speculator are turning to the commodity market for new worlds to conquer.

Chief among these exploiters are the international gambling groups, notably the "Balkan Gang," so-called from its original speculations in the inflated Balkan currencies after the war. Since the stabilisation of currencies its operations in this field have been curtailed, and now its agents from New York to Singapore are exploiting the commodity markets with results alarmingly apparent.

Take a few examples. Some rise in the price of wheat from the low level of the slump years was inevitable. Crop failures and the huge demands for war-emergency purposes foreshadowed this.

But it is the gambling in the wheat pits that has caused the price to jump to wholly unjustified levels, with the threat of still worse to follow.

Again, cocoa has jumped in a month from £28 to £34 per ton, in spite of the fact that supplies still exceed the current demand. There has been a similar attempt to corner platinum, which rose in price from £7 to £14 an ounce.

In November a corner in Egyptian cotton was forced on the Liverpool market by speculators whose deal became known and who raked in vast fortunes by the transaction "futures."

The case of rubber, in which the "Balkan Gang" has brought off a vast and successful gamble, is particularly flagrant, for it was engineered in the face of the international control scheme designed to maintain a stable price. Had that scheme been efficiently worked, the gangsters should have been thwarted.

But it was not efficiently worked, and the speculators won.

And so in lesser degree with sugar, tin, copper, lead and zinc. Always the gamblers have "got away with it," often in spite of restriction schemes.

This is not merely a domestic menace. It is a world menace. For so long as commodities which are the subject of international restriction schemes, sponsored by the Governments of the producing countries, are allowed to be the subject of price gambling which directly hits the consumers, the case of the so-called "Have-not" Powers is real and unanswerable.

What is to be done to stop this grave scandal? Two things have already been done. The big banks have made it known that they will refuse to make advances to known market manipulators. That is good as far as it goes. Good also is the action of the churches in setting up through the Christian Social Council an enquiry into City gambling.

But much more is needed. The international conference to enquire into raw material resources, which Sir Samuel Hoare promised at Geneva in 1935, should be called and proceeded with immediately. That would assure the "Have-nots"—Germany, Italy and the rest—of a square deal.

Then the Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation) Order, enacted to deal with the crisis of 1931, should be revived and made applicable to other commodities besides foodstuffs. And the existing control schemes for stabilising prices should be overhauled and made more drastic.

The inactivity of the Government in this great matter must cease. It knows that the evil is growing to alarming dimensions, yet it neither denounces it nor takes steps to crush it while it can still be crushed.

To delay longer is to invite catastrophe. There must be ruthless war on the gambling gangsters, and it should be waged now.

LICENCE TO LIVE!

JANUARY is the month when car and dog licences fall due for renewal, and it is interesting to ponder that the life of the average citizen in this free state of ours is fettered with licences and certificates from the moment in which the first makes his entry into the world.

If in the blissful innocence of infancy, he remains oblivious of it all, his parents must bestir themselves within a strictly laid-down time limit and, under threats of penalties, duly register his arrival and obtain a birth certificate, which is, in effect, his licence to enter the world. Next they must secure a certificate of vaccination.

It will be strange indeed if he reaches his majority without accumulating a handful of assorted documents.

With the front-door key he may now be carrying a driving licence; a licence for a motor-cycle, and, no doubt, as a modern young man, an experimental wireless licence.

He will need a licence to fly; a licence to carry a gun; a licence to shoot game; a licence to fish.

There may be a few years of wanderlust; but he cannot leave his native land without licence—in other words, a passport.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that he is now fairly launched upon the career of his choice. The field of human endeavour is wide; but so is the net of the licence-dispensers.

They seem to have thought of nearly everything, and whether our citizen elects to follow a trade or pursue some professional calling there is quite a possibility of his requiring a licence.

He would require a licence or certificate before he could function in any of the following capacities: solicitor, auctioneer, estate agent, chemist, or manufacturer of patent medicines.

If he takes the smallest shop or kiosk he requires a licence to sell sweets and another to sell tobacco or snuff. And if he obliges customers occasionally by letting them have a three-halfpenny stamp he will need a further licence for that.

He is free to marry the girl of his choice—with a licence. If he is in a hurry it will cost him considerably more; but the net result is the same.

Now let us suppose in the course of years the union is blessed and our citizen becomes a family man. The circle is completed and he starts once more, this time as a parent, trotting off dutifully to register his offspring and secure their certificates of vaccination that they in their turn may all become dutiful holders of licences and, it is to be hoped, thrive and prosper in this queer world of ours and so be able to maintain the succession of licence-holders in perpetuity!

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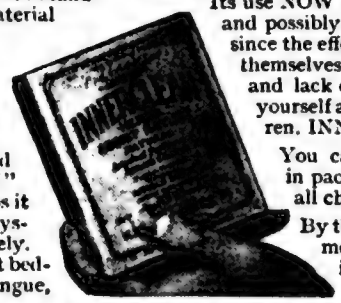

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A FREE Offer!—to all who are run ... generous sample of Angier's Emul... proved tonic which strengthens the ... digestion, overcomes nervous depr... builds up health and strength, will be ... all readers who fill in the coupon ... write, mentioning John Bull, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd., B.H. 28 86, ... Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. ... cover postage, e.c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3d WEEKLY for LIMITED PERIOD ... free cremation at any crematorium. ... lieved. Complete details Free from B... tion Society, 23, Nottingham Place, Lond...

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES ... CHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, ... SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WIN...

LADIES' or Gent's Cycle for 5/- d... well-known components. Racing mo... terms and London's lowest prices. D... reading the advt. of Messrs. Pr... Ltd. It appears on page 3.

FREE.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, ... J.6, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead, ... booklet containing a selection of excel... of inestimable value to housewives. ... See p. 27.

IF you would like to know more ... uses of SECCOTINE, the famous adhe... to Dept. J.B., Messrs. M'Caw, Steven... Ltd., Belfast, for free Booklet. See ...

FREE Samples of CUTICURA prep... soap, ointment and talcum, will be ... receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage. ... Cuticura (Dept. 75J), Newbery & Ph... 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. See ...

By special arrangement with the ... turers, any woman reader may obtain ... luxe Beauty Outfit containing five shades ... new Poudre Tokalon, so that she ... them for herself. The outfit also ... Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both d... use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost ... age, packing, etc., to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. ... Chase Road, London, N.W.10. See p. ...

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts are ... the free gift booklet offered by the ... Rowntree's Cocoa. Send a postcard ... 1d.) to Dept. C.E.25, Rowntree & Co. ... Cocoa Works, York, for your free copy. See ...

FREE 1/- book describes illuminati... formation on "Halmagon." Write, me... *John Bull*, for your free copy of the ... 8vo. book, addressed to Tonicity Labo... Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, 6, 8, Emerald St., ... W.C.1. Enclose 2d. stamp for postage. See ...

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent ... for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can ... self (or child) of this objectionable, ... endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. ... 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Chief Constable Horwell (centre) under whose direction detectives will have the difficult task of cleaning up the vice centres of London

VICE RING'S *Coronation Year* PLANS

DIRECTORS of the underworld night life of London are preparing at the present moment an elaborate new campaign of "vice catering." Behind the always present vice traffic is the idea that London during the year of Coronation will be a supreme year for business.

With thousands of provincial visitors and foreign tourists coming to the capital in this exceptional year the vice market is open and obvious. So plans are being laid. Girls are being imported. Houses of dubious entertainment are being rented

Information has come to JOHN BULL of some of the sinister enterprises projected.

And at the same time instructions have been given to the Metropolitan Police to wage a re-inforced anti-vice campaign.

It is the intention of the Metropolitan Police — so far as is possible — to make London a capital without reproach during the coming year.

Or, at least, to keep the strangers temporarily within the gates from outrageous exploitation, blackmail, robbery and violence at the hands of the vice racketeers."

An amazing position already exists. And it is ready for extension. Normal, respectable people have not the slightest idea as to the immoral condition of certain districts of central London.

We know, for example, of one outwardly reputable citizen—proprietor of a perfectly usual and necessary business—who conducts no fewer than forty flats in which girls of the demi-monde live.

The extracts from these unfortunate men a regular weekly income. Moreover, he works in conjunction with a number of house and estate agents, whose speciality it is to provide flats at exorbitant rents for improper purposes.

JUST A CLOAK

If a girl falls in arrears with her scheduled payment she is turned out of her luxury flat and another recruit is installed.

There are three different firms of estate and house agents who really carry on entirely by providing accommodation for "high-class" prostitutes. They make an outward show of doing regular house and flat letting. That is but a cloak for the "other side."

In two instances partners of the firms are men with criminal records, who have been convicted for offences of an unpleasant nature.

Yet these firms continue. Although the police know quite well the records of the principals, it is difficult to see how they can be stopped.

Another side of the traffic is the letting out of girls by telephone order. It is quite possible to ring up specific addresses and to ask for a girl to be sent along—rather like a delivered parcel—or to fix an appointment.

One woman—known among the crooks as the "Jezebel of Jermyn Street"—has the girls on her list. She guarantees them a minimum weekly income on the understanding that she finds them the flats in which they live, and that they must be on the telephone and ready for call for a message of instruction—at any time of the day or night.

If a man communicates with this "provider" and states his requirements as to size, colour, and accomplishments—the order will be carried out. The client has to pay his commission and other fees.

Another woman has an establishment in the Park Lane district. She has a more reserved and specialised list, and is chiefly patronised by wealthy men moving in the best society.

So many important and notable people frequent this establishment that the police might have doubts about raiding it. Indeed, a raid would be difficult. Although what goes on is full well known, there is a great deal of care exercised.

In a Middlesex suburb is a woman living in a substantial house with an invalid husband and two children. She has a business in Westbourne Grove, a retail shop, but really she is a provider of young girls.

It is her boast to clients that she can secure girls of the "best class," and also arrange for the flat or hotel in which a "party" is to be held

These sort of assignment agencies exist throughout London. They are not confined to the West End, but are also in the suburbs at Hendon, Surbiton, Beckenham, Woodford Green and elsewhere.

DISCREET CLIENTS

After all, the commerce is profitable and safe. Clients are discreet; the girls quite obviously cannot talk, and the police have no evidence on which to base proceedings.

All this business of providing is quite apart from the more open commercialism of foreign women in and about Piccadilly and the Baker Street district —which, incidentally, has become one of the chief vice quarters of Inner London.

Recently, after the "Max the Red" murder in Soho, information reached the police which led to the conviction and deportation of three foreigners.

These men had made between them more than £6,000 in three months from the payments of women and by blackmail. The woman who supplied the police with the vital information was protected against reprisals until she was able to return to her home in Belgium.

One aspect of the problem which the police intend to tackle, in conjunction with the local metropolitan borough council authorities, concerns hotels and blocks of modern luxury flats.

Near the principal London railway stations are numerous hotels which are classed by the police as "case houses." That means their main source of revenue comes from people who book rooms for short periods.

Little pretence is made of keeping a proper register of visitors The places are not hotels as such, but simply disorderly houses.

Difficulty arises in securing a conviction against the proprietors of such notorious resorts.

To secure evidence means detailing police officers for observation work. This cannot always be done. More immediate and essential duties claim the police. Consequently these places flourish and their foreign proprietors grow rich without interference.

But that condition is to be altered. The bogus hotel, which is in effect a brothel, is to be seriously attacked through the powers of the local authorities. So also with some of the luxury flats that have opened during the past two years Prosecutions may disclose an extraordinary state of affairs in blocks of mansion flats which the public regards without the slightest suspicion.

Lately the West End of London has seen a development of secret houses of entertainment at which films of the most objectionable kind are shown.

These private cinema parlours secure their films from the Continent. Regular "parties" are held, the invitations to attend being issued to a carefully selected list of guests.

Everything is done in the best style and the price of an invitation card is high.

Usually three different short films are exhibited, the show lasting for about an hour. A programme of the films available is printed, and the visitors can select those they wish to see.

At the Channel and East Coast ports instructions have been issued to the Aliens officers for special precautions For information shows that attempts will be made to obtain entry into England of a large number of attractive young women from most of the countries of Europe.

QUICK PROFIT

They will arrive ostensibly as tourists. Actually they are intended recruits to the vice trade The plan is that they shall clear a quick lucrative return during the Spring months of Coronation Year.

Taking everything into consideration, the authorities have a busy time before them.

At Scotland Yard a conference was held recently with regard to particular and intensive methods which may be used against the merchants who purvey vice to London.

Chief Constable Horwell, the senior officer of the Criminal Investigation Department, is taking this matter under his own supervision.

He has selected a number of officers who will act as a special vice squad to clean up the West End.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

DO you let your mind do a lot of your work for you, or do you try to do it all yourself?

This may sound like a silly riddle, but it isn't. It's a very serious and deep question.

We all have two minds. One is our conscious mind that we can use as we will, that we can feel working—almost see working. It's the mind we use all day as we go about our business, just as a carpenter uses a saw or a bricklayer a trowel. The extent of our skill in using it is the measure of our ability at our job.

But we all have another mind, though few people seem to know anything about it—a kind of deeper layer of our conscious, everyday mind. Psychologists call it our "subconscious" mind. In it lie almost illimitable possibilities. Very few people make enough use of this mind. In fact, very few people make any use of it at all.

When people say they are going to "sleep on" a problem, they are wiser than they know. They hope that in the morning they'll be able to think more clearly, act more decisively, decide more wisely. And so they will—but not just because they've "slept on it." They'll do it because while they slept their subconscious mind has been awake, busily turning over the problem and finding a solution for them.

If you've never heard this before it probably sounds like a fairy-tale; but it isn't. It's sober, scientific truth.

Try it. Try it in a simple way. If you want to wake up at a certain time in the morning, tell your subconscious mind, before you go to sleep, to wake you at a certain hour in the morning. Tell it decisively, as though you were giving orders to a servant—which in point of fact you are.

You won't succeed the first time, nor the second. Even servants have to be trained. But you'll succeed in the end. And the efficiency of your subconscious mind will amaze you.

'REMEMBER LAST TIME?'

'Molly's on again next Tuesday, so make sure about the batteries and things?'
'Don't worry. Now I've got this Exide "Hycap" Battery with the Indicator, I know where I am. And it's not down by a long chalk yet—lasted well!'

R.186

Exide

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EXIDE 'HYCAP' BATTERY *(High Capacity L.T. Battery)*

The battery for modern multi-valve sets. It lasts longer on one charge. For small sets the best battery is the Exide 'D' Type. Both have the Exide Charge Indicator. Your dealer will tell you which to use.

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Here's a sensible youngster who has learnt that the finest safeguard against Winter chills and ills is Shredded Wheat, the famous whole-wheat food that is nothing but pure nourishment. Every helping builds up the strength and resistance of young and old alike. Every helping gives them the precious inner warmth they need. And how everyone enjoys Shredded Wheat's delicious wheaten flavour, with hot or cold milk, honey or fruits! Mother finds Shredded Wheat so handy and economical, too—always ready to serve, and needs no cooking. Nothing could be more sensible on days like these.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Everybody's Everyday Health Food

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Throughout history malicious gossip has brought a trail of ruin and suicide in its wake

HANNEN SWAFFER On

POISON TONGUES

NEVER since the days of the war has there been such a plague of malicious gossip as that which, during the last few weeks, has swept across the country. It has passed all bounds. Fortunately, it has become so exaggerated that it is ridiculous.

In less than half an hour, the other day, I heard four stories about the Royal Family, all of them stories of forthcoming divorce cases, in which princes or princesses were involved, all ludicrous beyond degree, yet they were going round so quickly that two of them were repeated to me, in a day or two, miles from the place where first I heard them.

Now it started off very naturally, with all sorts of jokes about the abdication of Edward VIII. Some of these were indecent —and there seemed to be hundreds of those, which passed from mouth to mouth with the speed of a prairie fire—but some of them were more or less harmless.

One, for instance, said that an American paper had put in a row pictures of Mrs. Simpson's two husbands, a portrait of Edward VIII, and then photographs of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Stanley Baldwin. Under these five pictures were just the words, "First Mate," "Second Mate," "Playmate," "Primate" and "Checkmate."

Then there was the phrase used of the three men associated with Mrs. Simpson—"The Wallis Collection"—and the story that Dorothy Paget was angry because she had paid 6,000 guineas for Golden Miller, whereas Mrs. Simpson had got Windsor Lad for nothing.

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Then, from the streets, came the story that everywhere the child carol singers were chanting:

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Mrs. Simpson's pinched our King."

Now there is, in the English character, much more humour than people usually credit it with. Any big national happening is invariably followed by the invention, within a day or two, of a hundred jokes. Where they come from, no one knows. It has always been said they start at the Stock Exchange, but, knowing a good many stockbrokers, I have always concluded that stockbrokers generally are almost the dullest people in the world.

Anyway, wherever they come from, they spread like wildfire. Some of them are a bit Rabelaisian. Some are frankly and almost boastingly indecent. But, good or not, decent or filthy, they show that there is in England a great sense of humour that only seems to come out on such occasions.

The Old Bill attitude towards the war was part of it. There was a joke in every food queue. Screamingly humorous things were said while aeroplanes were overhead.

But, at the same time, while humour is heard everywhere, the voice of Scandal becomes even louder.

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Do you remember how, in the earliest days of the war, it was said that Prince Louis of Battenberg had been arrested and sent to the Tower for betraying secrets to the enemy? Actually, the truth was that, since he was of German origin, it was thought to be safer, from the point of view of national confidence, that he should resign. Anyway, his last act as First Sea Lord was to share with Winston Churchill, who was First Lord of the Admiralty, the credit for the fact that on August 4, 1914, the British Fleet was ready to sail—and did so.

Then do you remember how Haldane was literally hounded out of office during the war? Once he had said in a speech about German authorship, or philosophy, or something of the kind, that "Germany is my spiritual home." They used it against him until he fell. Efficient and honest though he was, scandal got him down.

Not long ago, Austen Chamberlain said: "I love France, as one loves a woman." What would happen to him if we had war with France. Actually, Haldane had planned the Territorial system and so perfectly prepared the British Expeditionary Force that it sailed, as per agreement, so well equipped that, small though it was, it excited the wonder of the Germans.

Then Asquith was brought down by malicious gossip. Actually, as Prime Minister before Lloyd George took over, he was frequently blamed because, being an honest man, he held himself responsible for the acts of his subordinates. Not all his successors were as honest. . . . Yet, if you remember, they started a story that he had refused to bomb Berlin because he had shares in the Berlin Gas Company, while a story that his wife had visited German officers at Donington Hall was spread everywhere.

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Now, if Mrs. Asquith had been the wife of a German Prime Minister who had taken chocolates to British officers in a German prison camp, she would have been hailed as a visiting angel. Because someone said she did that sort of thing here, her name was blackened from one end of the country to the other.

I can remember L. G.'s name being coupled so much with a woman a few years back, that at last he had to take legal action to stop the slander and the lies.

Then, recently, the Fascists spread the story that Clement Attlee was a Jew, using this to join him up in all their anti-Semitic lunacy.

Only within the last few weeks, a prominent Minister committed suicide in France because of malicious lies spread by Fascists. They went back to the war days and distorted happenings in his life, magnifying them until they became great crimes against the nation. At last he could stand it no longer. The French people gave him a funeral that was the most impressive one seen in France since they buried Foch. But not even that could make up for the slander and the lying that had driven into a premature grave a statesman whose brilliant qualities were much needed by his country.

The most circumstantial story of the kind which I remember followed the death of a famous film producer on a yacht off the Californian coast.

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Actually, I believe, he died of stroke, and was brought home and buried. Before many weeks had passed, however, millions of people in the United States were whispering that a world-famous millionaire had shot the film producer because he had caught him with his mistress, and that one of the best-known film actors in the world had held back people who tried to interfere!

"It cost the murderer a million pounds," it was said, "to bribe the coroner and keep the story out of the papers."

So circumstantial did this story become—and every detail of it was sheer invention—that a newspaper friend of mine took the trouble to trace it back to its origin and to find out exactly what did happen.

The man died naturally, he proved, and was brought ashore quietly, so that the shares in his film company would not fall in a panicky way. It started with natural caution. It became a national scandal. Even in recent months I heard it repeated. . . .

Now, just at this time, when the abdication of a king famed for his great "personality" has been followed by the accession of a monarch whose qualities are much more subdued, it is necessary for national unity, especially in hours when there is danger right across the Continent of Europe, that we should find among us all possible points of agreement.

Yet, while this is necessary, there is spreading across the country malicious gossip of the kind that is calculated to do a very great deal of harm.

One surviving member of "The King's Party," as they call the few fanatical people who still think Edward VIII is on the throne, wrote me the other day that it was all Queen Mary's fault, that she would not let her son keep a dog, and only Queen Alexandra understood his highly strung character.

How dare people write—and this woman, who lives at a most respectable address, signed her name!—such unadulterated nonsense? It almost takes us back to the days when we used to hear that Queen Alexandra wore a high collar because Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales, once tried to cut her throat.

Who starts all this bunk?

Yes, I heard the other day, in half an hour, of four forthcoming divorces in the Royal Family. "They are to take place after the Coronation," I was told. It is all just tosh, the sheerest and most unadultered tripe.

Frankly, in the case of individual members of the Royal Family, it can do no harm to them as persons. I mean, they will suffer no financial harm. Nor will they be cut by anybody or find their invitations become smaller in number.

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But in the case of lesser-known people, malicious gossip of this kind—and I am afraid it is one of the great social sins of our generation—brings people to ruin and to suicide.

Time after time, you read how some coroner has said, "This poor man's life ended in suicide because his existence was made a hell by malicious gossip in the neighbourhood. Actually he had done nothing wrong. But the voice of slander so upset him that he took his life."

For "him" you can substitute "her," if you like, and change "man" into "woman." But such cases are frequent. For every one which is reported, there are a dozen which escape notice.

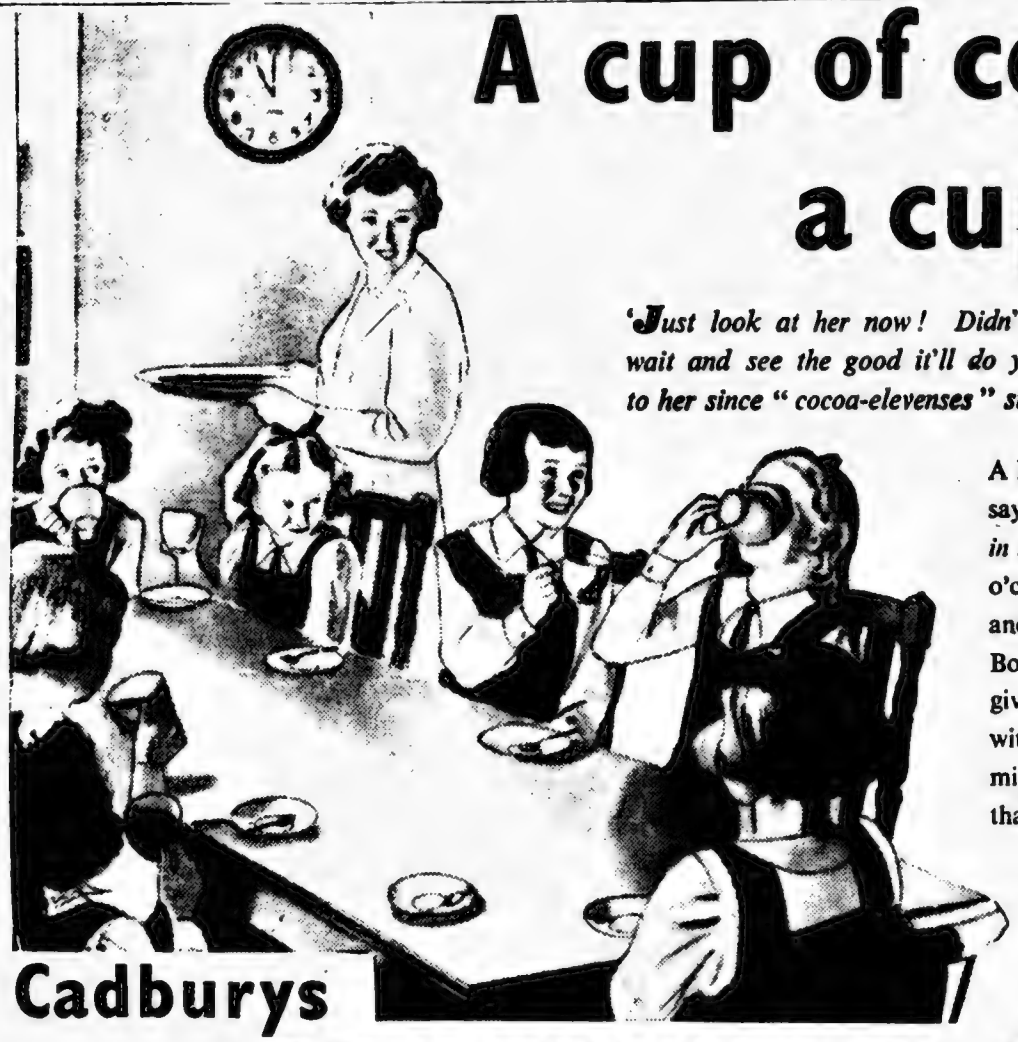
Who is it that starts the lying?

Why, I heard the other day that the Archbishop drove Edward VIII into abdication just for spite, merely because, years ago, when he was Prince of Wales, he was rude to him! People who would believe that would believe anything. And yet, unfortunately, some people do. Yes, and by repeating thoughtlessly and wickedly, they harm innocent people, often unknown to them, just as badly as if they had stolen all their money, or poisoned them.

Final Opportunity

On pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL publishes the last set of forms for its Great New Year £1 1s. Presentation, "The Story of the British People in Pictures." If you have NOT yet applied for this entirely new work, do so at once before it's too late. Turn to pages 4 and 5 now and send in the Final Reservation Form *to-day*.

A cup of cocoa is a cup of FOOD



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Secure your Gift or Gifts by attaching one or both of the Vouchers to the Coupon at the bottom of the page and posting immediately.

What a Reader says: *Hainton, Lincs.*
"I received my Presentation Pen Set in splendid condition. It is really an exquisite piece of work. Please accept my heartfelt thanks. . . ." R. G.

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The Gift Voucher on the left above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher on the left below will be accepted at 7 6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12 6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all uniform and in a glossy black UNBREAKABLE MATERIAL. The Pen has TWO inlaid bands of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, lever self-filling device, "Safety" pocket clip, and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD nib, with a tip of [illegible]. The "Ever-pointed" pencil has an inlaid band of 9-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a foolproof propel—repel—expel movement, "Safety" pocket clip, rubber and extra leads. The Companion Penknife is fitted with two super quality stainless Steel Blades of mirror-polish finish. This lovely [illegible] to you in a Golden Satin-lined Casket.

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To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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NAME .....
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Write Clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order & Co., and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 16/1/37.

Meet Mr. Lord — The Man With £2,000,000 IN HIS POCKET

Soon his fund will start a few signs of activity; and thousands standing idle are hoping that it will shame the Cabinet into doing something on a proper scale

LEONARD LORD, manager of the Nuffield Trust, is the man who has the spending of the two million pounds which Lord Nuffield has given to help the Distressed Areas.

It was quite simple for Lord Nuffield to unload another £2,000,000 slice of his personal fortune. Once he had decided to do it, the rest did not occupy much time. A talk with a friend, a couple of 'phone calls, three telegrams and a five minutes' conference with two members of his staff—Lord Nuffield was two million pounds poorer, and the new trust had come into existence.

And so the £2,000,000 descended as a grave responsibility on to the shoulders of Leonard Lord. He does not seem either impressed or depressed by the burden of spending the money. He is taking it all as coolly and sensibly as he has taken each step in his rather remarkable career in the motor trade.

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Flicking the ash off the end of his cigarette and looking rather irritated about it all, he has announced that no cranks need apply; that he has no money to give away to anybody, but only money to invest in sensible industrial enterprises; that he has a large waste-paper basket ready for all the silly ideas that people, he fears, will insist on sending along.

Leonard Lord is like that. Always has a plentiful supply of wet blankets on hand. Lots of enthusiasm for an idea when it strikes him as practicable and sensible. But not a man to suffer fools gladly. Nor does he mind the fools finding this out. In fact, he seems rather to relish watching the fact dawning on them.

Last August, Lord and Lord Nuffield suddenly parted company. Lord had worked on the Morris organisation for years. For three years he had been managing director of the Morris outfit, displaying real brilliance in organisation and production.

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But he didn't agree with Lord Nuffield, and told him so quite bluntly. Result, Lord resigned, left straight away, went to America, and took a look at motor-car manufacture over there.

No one knows the rights of the matter except the two men who quarrelled. And they are not likely to tell us.

After it was over, all Lord would say was, "My relations with Lord Nuffield are perfectly happy and friendly." Lord Nuffield would not say anything.

Back from his American trip, Lord spent all his time on his farm on the south coast. His working life has been passed among machinery. He has grown up with the motor-car.

Once, in three months, he reorganised a motor factory to produce 2,000 cars each week. Yet his chief interest and hobby is his farm.

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It isn't one of those up-to-date, mechanised sort of farms either; but a real honest-to-God sort of a farm. Lord is happiest in an old hat leaning over the wall of his farmyard, talking pigs and crops and chickens with his men.

He started his career with the Hotchkiss company, which made engines—and very good engines they were—for the old "bull-nosed" Morris cars. Eventually the company was bought by Morris, and Lord went over with the company.

A born organiser, full of new ideas, Lord forced himself on the attention of the "guv'nor." Soon he became general manager of Wolseley Motors.

In 1933 he came to Morris Motors as managing director. Morris cars hadn't been doing so well just around that time. Lord came in with complete plans for a new range of models and with plans to reorganise production. Nuffield told him to go ahead, and gave him a free hand.

Within a year Morris was right back on the motor map. The company was "out of the red"—a profit of nearly £2,000,000 was earned in under twenty-four months.

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Of course, all this reorganisation was not achieved without some sorrows. Lord was a ruthless dictator at Cowley. Lots of old-established ideas and old-established men vanished from Cowley. Everything was done the Lord way. All friction and opposition were ironed out.

Since Lord went, some of the old familiar faces have turned up again. But Cowley still runs the Lord way. It has proved the best way.

Well, a month or two back Nuffield got his big idea for setting up a £2,000,000 Trust to help the Distressed Areas. At least, he got the first dim beginnings of the idea. It was stirred up by King Edward when he went down to the misery of South Wales and said "Something must be done—something will be done."

Nuffield does not believe in politicians. He often says bitter and searing things about them. In this case he didn't believe in the present Government doing much for the Distressed Areas. So he decided to do a bit himself.

Who was the man to carry out his idea? Why, Leonard Lord, of course! So Nuffield forgot that quarrel. He went to see his old colleague and unfolded his plans.

Lord grew excited, enthusiastic about it. Then the two of them went off and looked over some of the Distressed Areas themselves. They didn't have their pictures taken. They went on the quiet.

They were not interested in social service schemes, or clubs, or streets of misery and unemployment. They were more taken up with derelict factories and silent works—the cause behind the misery and slow starvation. Then they announced the formation of the Nuffield Trust, with Lord as its manager, and with Mr. Nigel Campbell, Lord Portal and Mr. Seebohm Rowntree as its trustees.

Of course, the whole thing is ridiculous. Not even two millions of Nuffield money can touch the hard core of misery and unemployment in the Distressed Areas. Only political action by the Government, backed by the whole resources of the nation, can hope to do any good.

But the Nuffield Trust is a grand idea—especially the way in which Lord intends to run it.

He is going to see how, by judicious financial assistance, existing industries can be revived in the Distressed Areas and new industries coaxed to establish themselves there.

"For the next few months I shall spend four or five days a week travelling the Distressed Areas," Lord announces. "I am going to find out how the fund can be put to the most productive use possible.

"Social workers seem to imagine that I am going round with a hat full of money which we are prepared to throw in all directions.

"You can go on giving money away like that endlessly without any lasting good coming of it, without reviving employment or stimulating industry. We are not going to do this sort of thing at all."

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

And so Lord is on his way round South Wales and Tyneside, cocking a shrewd eye at all the waste of silent factories and chimneys which have not smoked for years.

Soon his fund will start a few signs of activity and revival to work. It is pioneer work. It may show the Cabinet how the thing can be done. It may shame the Cabinet into doing something on a proper national scale.

That is the most we can hope. Most likely Nuffield and Lord do not hope for much more.

Just A Human Story

DARBY AND JOAN

THIS is a story of a fine old man aged eighty-one and his wife, aged seventy-seven, who were christened William and Mary respectively, but whom the little Cornish village of Mabe persist in calling Darby and Joan.

Fifty-six years married they have been, fifty-six years without a quarrel worth mentioning or even remembering. No wonder they were pointed out to engaged young couples as a pattern worth following.

And so it might have gone on throughout their last golden years together if it had not been for—well, to use Mary's own words, "if it had not been that William became difficult with his breathing."

Just a year ago, that happened. Since then he has appeared to lose the desire to go on living. Mary has even found him "a little touchy" at times. . . .

Well, his breathing was particularly bad the other day. Their accounts differ as to what was said between them on that particular occasion. It is all too terribly certain what happened.

Darby suddenly seized the fire-tongs and hit his Joan around the head and face. Dropping them, he continued to strike her with his fists.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The village blacksmith heard her cries. He found poor Darby in a stupor. The doctor was called. He said the old fellow was very, very contrite.

Two policemen carried the old man into court, breathing with terrible difficulty, and scarcely able to speak above a whisper. "She went on to me," he said. "I wouldn't have had it happen for anything, after we have been together so long," he said pathetically.

"The best husband in the world," sobbed Darby. "He never curtailed me in anything. He would never have done this by me in his right senses, because he was always so good and kind."

All they wanted was to leave court together and pick up once again those beautiful threads that are just fifty-six years long. And they will be able to soon—although not yet.

For the decision of the magistrates, who preferred to sit round Darby and Joan in the well of the court rather than judge them austerely from their Bench, was that the medical officer should keep the old man under observation for a fortnight, and, after that, hand him to his Joan as soon as it would be wise for him to do so.

Why Young Men Won't Join the Army..

THE conscription racket has begun.

Don't let us mince words about it. It *is* a racket — a War Office racket. And the racketeers have already instructed their propaganda orchestra to tune up for the sad sweet song "Voluntary Recruitment for the Army has failed."

For why?

Because there are a lot of people at the War Office who want the voluntary system to fail. Because they want conscription. So they have already quietly begun a campaign to persuade and panic Government and public that British security depends upon the adoption here of Continental methods.

But don't you believe it. Sir Thomas Inskip, the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, doesn't. He has said as much, very cautiously. Believe him rather than the mandarins.

The voluntary system has not failed. The War Office knows it. Conscription is not necessary. The War Office knows that, too.

What has caused all this pother? It is very simple. The Army is not getting enough recruits to replace normal wastage. In fact, the Regular Army is now some 14,000 men under strength—the Territorials approximately 40,000. This is just too bad. It is worrying the Brass Hats extraordinarily. It's the end of England. It's the end of the Empire. So they say.

But it's no new thing. We were 16,300 men short of establishment when the South African War broke out; and it wasn't the end of England or the Empire. We were 11,000 men short when the Great War started. It wasn't the end, even then.

More brains then would, as a matter of fact, have been far more useful than more men. It was brains that were wanted. It's the same to-day. If we had the brains we should have the men quickly enough.

The crisis, according to these propagandist panic-mongers, will arise acutely in the coming trooping season, when it will not be possible to replace all the time-expired soldiers. About 30,000 men will be needed by the end of March.

You see, the position is that, under present conditions of service, a man who has enlisted for a certain term of years with the Colours has to be released and transferred to the reserve at the end of that term wherever he may happen to be.

Well, conscription-fans say that as things are going they won't be able to provide the necessary reliefs for the men who are due home this year from India and the East, from Gibraltar and Palestine, from Singapore and China. That, too, has happened before.

It's not so many years since they found that they had not enough gunners to relieve those stationed at an oversea post, and had to retain men who ought to have been released and pay them a bounty of thirty pounds a head.

You would think that the War Office would have learned its lesson in the past. That even if it hadn't learned it thirty odd years ago, it would have learned it twenty years back: that it ought to have dawned on it long since that its perpetual difficulty in getting recruits was not necessarily the fault of the manhood of the nation so much as the fault of the Army as it runs it.

But the fact is that the War Office mandarins are only just beginning to realise that as employers of men they are in competition with civilian industry—that the wages and conditions they offer have got to compare favourably, or they won't get the labour they want.

And a lot of the mandarins haven't realised that yet. They aren't imaginative enough. They look with suspicion on the various schemes now being discussed or tentatively started to attract recruits. No. Their way out of the quandary is to imitate slavishly the conscription system of the Continent, and to dragoon the youth of the nation into the depleted ranks of the Army.

To advocate conscription for Britain is just plain nonsense.

To start with, compulsory enlistment of the manhood of the country of suitable age—say at twenty years old—would produce probably rather over a quarter of a million men. Far more than is needed according to present standards. Far more than would be required for any possible extension of our land forces.

Well, we do not need a vast Army.

Our problems are not those of our neighbours with long miles of land frontiers.

In any case, make no mistake about it: it won't be the big armies of weary infantrymen that will win the next great war—if folly and mad ambition are allowed to bring one about. Why, that war may well be over before the attacked country has had time to mobilise its unwieldy hordes.

It will be a machine war. It will be a war between machines in the air, machines in and on the sea, and machines on land. Armies of the future will be smaller but more highly trained than in the past. Man-power won't be wanted in the firing-line—if there is one—so much as in the machine-shop and munition-factory.

We do not want conscription to raise us a big Army, because we don't need a big Army. Why should we want it, then, in order to keep up to strength a small Army whose principal business is the policing of the Empire—a job for which the short-service conscript is definitely unsuitable?

The peace-time establishment of the regular forces at 154,000 is greatly less, as we have seen, than the number of youths in the twenty-year-old class who would be liable for service under conscription.

So what then?

Oh, the military mind can deal with the problem of too many men,

even if it can't with that of too few. It has delved into eighteenth-century history and remembered the Militia Ballot Act. Nothing can be easier.

The twenty-year-olds shall have a bit of fun for their money. They can draw lots to see who shall go a-soldiering and who shall stay at home. And if one of them is unlucky, and wants to cry off, then cry off he can, *if he can find a substitute to serve in his stead.*

The better-off you are, the better-off you will be. If you are the son of well-to-do parents, then father stumps up and pays for somebody to take your place. If you aren't—well, he doesn't. So simple.

Not much democracy about that pattern of recruitment, is there? A nasty, vicious, pernicious method.

Anyway, conscription is quite unnecessary. *Because, given reasonable conditions of service, the Defence Forces can get all the men they want—and more.*

For even now there isn't lack of volunteers. Do you know that in 1934-35, when the Army needed 34,055 men, there were no fewer than 68,061 would-be recruits? Two applicants practically for every vacancy. The trouble is that of that imposing total some 20,000 lads were rejected on sight for failure to reach the standard of enlistment, and another 22,000 after medical examination.

There's a bitter commentary on conditions in this country for you. It's a pity that Whitehall doesn't get as excited about the revelation made by these figures of the deterioration among working-class youth, due largely to malnutrition and bad housing conditions, as it does about the shortage of recruits.

At any rate, the Army Council has had to sit up and take cognisance of the situation. It has been carrying out experiments recently with recruits who were just below standard: feeding them up with special food and giving them special courses of physical training. It has been most impressed with the results.

That was a good experiment. A sensible experiment. It has got to be as adventurous and imaginative in other directions.

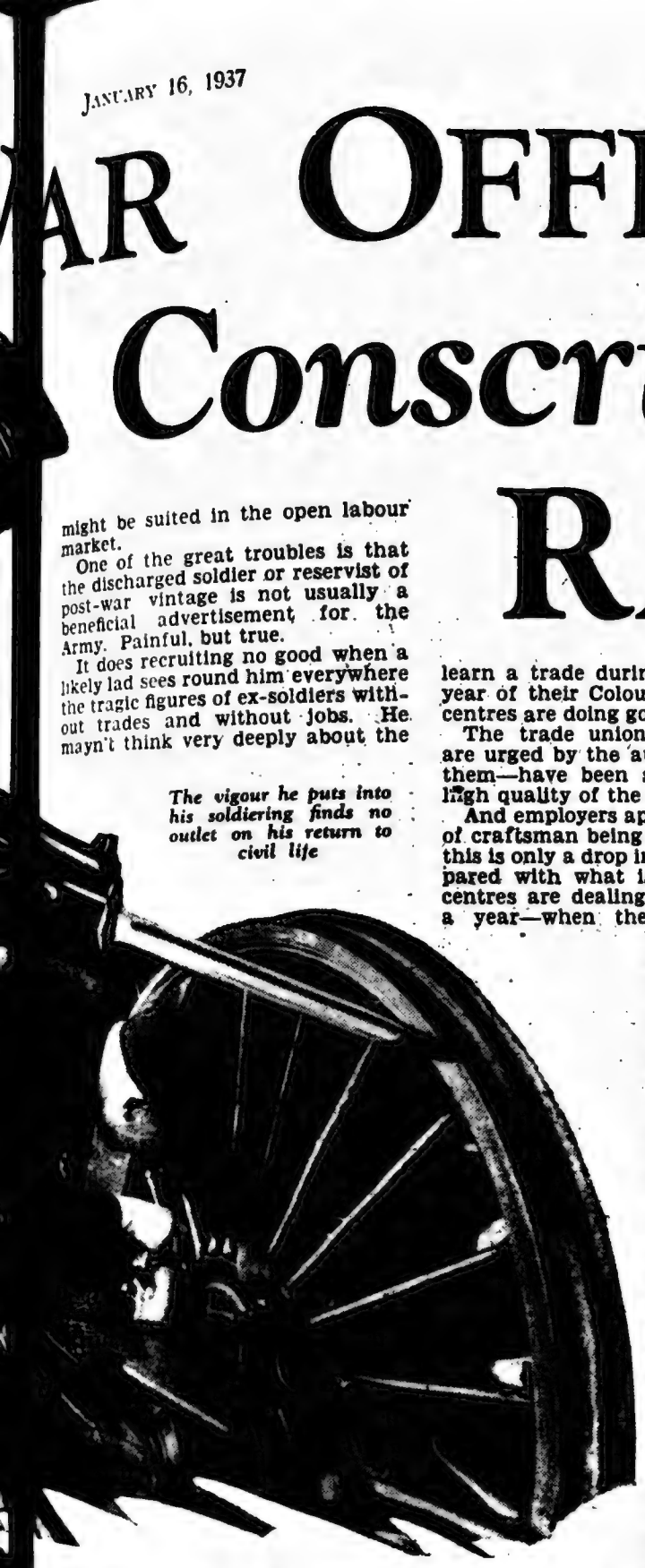
The soldier wants better prospects. Better pay. Better conditions. He wants his job to bear reasonable comparison with others for which he

WAR OFFICE Conscription RACKET

might be suited in the open labour market.

One of the great troubles is that the discharged soldier or reservist of post-war vintage is not usually a beneficial advertisement for the Army. Painful, but true.

It does recruiting no good when a likely lad sees round him everywhere the tragic figures of ex-soldiers without trades and without jobs. He mayn't think very deeply about the future, but he can hardly help being impressed—and *de*pressed—by the spectacle of ex-soldiers in the queues at the employment exchange, and lining up to receive their miserable pittance of public assistance.



The vigour he puts into his soldiering finds no outlet on his return to civil life

It is to be hoped that Mr. Duff Cooper, the Secretary for War, is studying all the possibilities of the scheme now before him whereby soldiers of good character would be guaranteed an option of pensionable employment with the State after they leave the Army.

The idea, roughly, is that a man who enlisted for seven years with the Colours would be given the chance of going afterwards into the police force, the post office, the prison service, or the Customs, and the period he spent on service would count towards pension in his new job.

Much more will have to be done, too, towards training serving soldiers for civilian careers on their discharge or transfer to the reserve. Every recruit has got to be made to feel certain of a job when he quits.

A start has been made, it is true. Three Army Vocational Training Centres have been set up: at Aldershot, Hounslow, and Chiseldon, where men of good character can learn a trade during the last half-year of their Colour service. These centres are doing good work.

The trade unions—and the men are urged by the authorities to join them—have been surprised by the high quality of the training given.

And employers appreciate the type of craftsman being turned out. But this is only a drop in the ocean, compared with what is required. The centres are dealing with some 2,400 a year—when they ought to be handling more than ten times as many.

Many more centres are required both at Home and abroad. Few of the troops coming back from oversea get the opportunity of taking up this training, and have to go direct from foreign service into the labour market. Six hundred reservists, whom Mr. Duff Cooper snatched from their jobs and packed off to Palestine, are still out of work!

And you can't save much out of two shillings a day to tide you over rough times while waiting hopefully—less hopefully—unhopefully—for a job that never materialises.

Why, King Henry the Fifth of Glorious Memory paid more to the archers who fought under him at Agincourt: the equivalent of ten shillings a day in modern money.

And don't go away thinking that even that fine round sum of two shillings a day is clear profit. It isn't. Far from it. Stoppages very often account for a third of the soldier's pay. It is said that the War Office has decided to overhaul the stoppage system. About time, too.

Are you surprised that the War Office finds a shortage of recruits?

Let's tell Mr. Duff Cooper some more on the subject of conditions of service while we are about it.

JOHN BULL's post-bag holds quite a lot of information that the Conscription-maniac mandarins may not have mentioned to him; although the discharged soldier or reservist will have told the potential recruit all about it when he is asked for advice on the question of joining up. Food, for instance. Remember that an army marches on its belly. The War Office promises free and ample food for the belly of that army. But your old soldier will tell his young friend that the promise is more liberal than the fulfilment. That if he is not to go hungry he will have to spend a good part of what is left of his two shillings a day in the dry canteen.

A lad passing the better part of the day in physical exertion out-of-doors can manage a fourth meal very easily. He doesn't get it—unless he buys it himself. That is one of the grouses that it would pay to investigate sympathetically.

There is, too, a big snag about foreign service, and the would-be recruit soon hears about it. It isn't quite the Cook's personally conducted tour see-the-world-at-our expense-my-lad that it sounds.

For—he will be told—he will almost invariably end his stipulated period of Colour service oversea, and then be compelled to serve a further period of from six months to a year until his relief is arranged. Seeing the world is fine, but the tourist likes to have some assurance that he will arrive home when he thought he would.

Here are some other reasons why the Army has—as one says—a "bad Press":—

Small and out-of-date married quarters, and old barrack premises. Anyone who has seen the beautiful and modern buildings that have been erected for the American soldier at Fort Sam Houston, outside San Antonio, in Texas, can only be revolted by the slums in which, on occasion, we house our men.

The khaki uniform is unattractive and reminiscent in its associations of those dreadful years when Flanders was churned into a blood-stained mud by a million tramping feet and a never-ceasing bombardment.

The War Office realise it. So the new blue uniform is to be issued to approximately 60,000 troops of the Regular and Territorial Army who will be on duty at the Coronation. But let's have more blue uniforms. Lots of them. And quickly. And let's see that they are well-fitting and nattily cut.

A lad of the age of the average recruit is sensitive about his personal appearance; he does not care to go clumping about in heavy boots, baggy trousers, and sack-like tunic. His best girl doesn't like it either.

Chances of promotion not good enough; difficulty in getting late passes; lack of contact between officer and man; and—yes, even in 1937—the need for hammering home into wooden heads under "brass hats" the realisation that the soldier of to-day is not the "old sweat" of once-upon-a-time; but a thinking, reasoning person who is appalled to find that he may be brought up against the type of mind that insists upon the paint being scraped off the white blanco tin so that it can be polished!

There is one other and a very serious hindrance to recruiting. The widespread and loud complaints raised with regard to the treatment of men who are discharged from the Regular Army disabled.

Many are refused pensions because it is held that their injuries or maladies were contracted in, but not attributable to, military service. A verdict often notoriously unjust. The more unjust because the incapacitated soldier has no right of appeal. He ought in common fairness to be given such right.

What's the upshot of it all? Well, a JOHN BULL investigator asked a number of lads of military age what they thought of the Army as a career. Here in very few words are their reactions:—

"My pal joined the Army. He was fairly tough, but there wasn't a night when he didn't go to bed hungry."

"It wouldn't pay me to join. I can earn more money in civvy life. In a job I enjoy."

"Don't know which I would like least — cleaning buttons, peeling potatoes, or scrubbing out barracks. Think lads don't know what it amounts to. 'Seeing the World' means doing the same job in India. That's all."

"It's good-bye to ambition if you join the Army. You can't get away from class distinctions."

"I know all about it from my brother. They make you a clod, and when you come out you will find nobody wants clods. He is very angry about the money they pay him and the way they treat him."

"There is no future in it, is there? A fellow would want more money for work that doesn't appeal to him. They offer less."

"My bosses got on because of their merit, and not because they belong to an officer class. My firm gets on because it's enterprising, and therefore looks after the enterprising, and not after fellows just because they went to Sandhurst or Woolwich."

"Soldiering isn't manly. How can it be manly never to be allowed to think for yourself—even what time you shall go to bed?"

"Because my father was a soldier. He says he would wring my neck if I ever joined up."

"The pay isn't good enough. You waste the best years of your life, and then are thrown out on the streets without any prospects."

Well, there you are, Mr. Duff Cooper. You will get all the men you want if you tackle the business honestly, thoroughly and at once. If you make it clear to the youth of the nation that a career in the Army can be compatible with the self-respect of an intelligent man; that a soldier is a technician, earning good pay with good prospects and good treatment — not someone dressed up in baggy clothes and subject to the footling and irresponsible whims of old ladies in breeches and spurred boots.

Don't you listen to the wailing song of the conscription-monger! It's a balderdash ballad, anyway. Tomfoolery. Nonsense. It will be a very bad day if you do. For you.

Front Page News (5) By Stanley Bishop

NIGHT DASH To Stop An Execution

Frederick Bywaters during the famous murder trial, and (left) Mrs. Thompson with her husband, for whose murder she and Bywaters were hanged

A WOMAN lying under sentence of death in Holloway Prison. Two days before the execution. Only such a few hours in which to work if that frail, broken item of humanity was to be saved. A dash through the night, and . . .

I go back to that famous murder case in which Mrs. Edith Thompson and her lover, Frederick Bywaters, were jointly convicted at the Old Bailey.

And for the first time I set down the full inside details of the dramatic last effort made to induce the Home Secretary to exercise his prerogative of mercy towards Edith Thompson.

During the progress of the trial I came into intimate contact with the late Mr. F. A. Stern, the skilful solicitor responsible for the defence of the woman prisoner.

Distress

Our relationship, which began on a business footing over the purchase by a national Sunday newspaper of Mrs. Thompson's letters, grew into friendship.

Together we discussed, time after time, every incident of the murder and of the trial. I knew how seriously distressed this police court solicitor was at the conviction of his client. He felt in his soul that the conviction was wrong.

He argued that Edith Thompson knew nothing in advance of Bywaters' intention to waylay husband and wife as they walked back from Ilford Station to their home after a visit to a London theatre.

This sudden meeting—it will be recalled—led to the fracas and knife attack by which Percy Thompson met his death.

So it happened that Mr. Stern came to me for advice when every legal and normal procedure of appeal and organised petition to the Home Secretary for reprieve had failed.

The executions of the woman and her lover were fixed for Tuesday, January 9, 1923.

During the morning of the Sunday before—on January 7—Mr. Stern telephoned me. He was nervously excited. He had evolved—he told me—a theory, intimate in its subject, which would account for some of the damaging passages from the letters of Edith Thompson read at the trial.

"I am going," he said, "to secure an interview with the Home Secretary. I am going to plead with him in the hope that I can change his decision."

Could I—he asked—find out where the Home Secretary was likely to be that Sunday?

That was quickly done. The Home Secretary at the time was the late Mr. Walter Bridgeman (afterwards Lord Bridgeman). Enquiry at his town residence brought the information that the Home Secretary was away at his country seat, Leigh Manor, on the Welsh borders of Shropshire.

When Mr. Stern heard this from me he said that he would go down to Shropshire that day and insist on seeing the Home Secretary. Reasoning with him was of no avail. I suggested that the Secretary of State for Home Affairs would not see a strange solicitor—even if he knew his name from newspaper reports—on a Sunday and discuss the ethics of an execution.

"I am going to try," he answered. "Edith Thompson should never hang, and it is my duty as her solicitor to do everything possible on her behalf. I must see the Home Secretary."

And in the end it was all arranged that we should make the effort. The only possible train was one leaving Paddington soon after six that evening and arriving at Shrewsbury something before ten o'clock. Then there was to be a drive of ten miles by motor-car before we reached the gates of Leigh Manor.

Personally, I thought the whole project the wildest, most fantastic kind of idea.

But there was just the chance that the Home Secretary would see us. There was just the faint shadow of a possibility that a woman's life might be saved.

Darkness

At Shrewsbury we had a car awaiting us at the station, and after dropping bags at the Raven Hotel went on to Minsterley, the straggling village beneath the bulk of the Long Mountain which holds Leigh Manor, the home of the Bridgeman family.

It was well after eleven o'clock when we arrived at the house. Not a light was showing—not a glimmer. The Home Secretary and every soul of his household in bed.

The point which struck me was the danger of it all. It was the period of "the Trouble" in Ireland, when gunmen were in this country and Cabinet Ministers normally were under strict protection.

Yet there was no kind of guard around Leigh Manor. The place was remote; away from the village, miles from a police-station. It would have been quite possible for any kind of villainy to have been carried out.

I felt that, and so did Mr. Stern, for he spoke to me about the dark, silent loneliness of the fine old house as we marched up to the front door. There were three of us around the door, the solicitor, his managing clerk, and myself, with our chauffeur waiting by the car in the background.

One of us rang the electric bell. Unfortunately the push stuck in its socket and the bell went on and on shrilling its alarm with devastating insistency.

Lights showed in the upper rooms. Bolts and locks were undone and the door opened a narrow space by a young man. We learned afterwards that he was a son of the Home Secretary.

Life at Stake

Who were we? What was our errand at that untimely hour of night? Mr. Stern made explanation. As solicitor to Edith Thompson, under sentence of death, was there a possibility of seeing the Home Secretary and putting before him a new bearing on the tragic case? He argued the urgency of the matter; apologised in adequate fashion for the intrusion, and urged as his excuse the fact that a woman's life was in the balance.

The door was shut on us. We waited without, canvassing the likelihood of an interview. It was all fantastic and unreal. Surely our journey would be fruitless. Yet we knew how the fate of Edith Thompson was troubling the Home Secretary, *and we hoped.*

Presently the door was flung wide. We were admitted to the hall. "My father will see you and listen to what you have to say," said Mr Bridgeman's son.

In a few moments more the Home Secretary came down from his bedroom. He was in pyjamas, dressing-gown, slippers, with hair ruffled from the pillow, and looking more than a little startled and uneasy.

He was, however, extremely courteous, saying that in all the circumstances he could forgive the audacity of the visit.

We were invited into the library, and, sitting there before a dead fire, the solicitor for Edith Thompson made his pleading to the Secretary of State.

I do not imagine there has ever been another such meeting. I cannot possibly think that there will ever be one quite like it again.

The surging eloquence of Mr. Stern was intense. He spoke of how the case had affected him, mentioned private unknown facts about the married life of Edith Thompson, and reasoned with legal clarity against the punishment of death.

Even at this interval of years I am not permitted to record exactly what was said. But no man could have done more than Mr. Stern attempted.

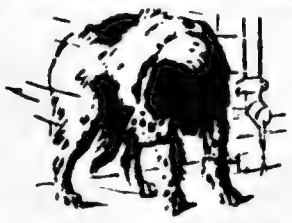
Mr. Bridgeman listened with careful attention. He interjected questions. He explored each argument.

Finally he promised to give full consideration to all that had been revealed on behalf of Edith Thompson and communicate his decision the following day on returning to London.

In due course the announcement was made from the Home Office. There could

(Continued on page 26)

Help your dog to grow his winter coat



Your dog needs a winter coat as much as you do. He *should* grow it naturally to keep him warm and dry at this time of year; this however is impossible unless he has rich, pure blood to stimulate its growth. Because your dog lives a domesticated life he has to depend on *you* to keep his blood pure. Give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which contain the natural blood correctives every dog needs. By purifying his blood these famous powders will enable him to grow a coat so thick and warm that even the heaviest rain and coldest winds cannot pierce it. Then he will *enjoy* his winter.

Bob Martin's CONDITION POWDERS

cure and prevent winter lassitude, dirtiness, loose, ragged coat, scratching and eczema. *In pkts. 6d. & 1/- from chemists & dog shops.*

Home-made lemonade—so refreshing! That's what the sweet, comforting lemon flavour in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles tastes like! Lime and tangerine—they're in the packet too—strawberry, gooseberry, blackcurrant, raspberry, apricot.

Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

FRUIT CLEAR GUMS *are hard*
FRUIT PASTILLES *are medium*
Also try JUICY-FRUITS, *soft, in packets, 6d. ¼ lb.*

2D TUBES

Also in packets 3D & 6D

Gor:JB

THE CHILDREN—

OH THEY'RE ALWAYS HEALTHY

BUT WHAT ABOUT MOTHER?

ADULTS, TOO, NEED THE "TONIC VITAMIN" SUPPLIED BY

QUAKER OATS!

How like a mother — thinking always of her children . . . she guards them carefully against listlessness, constipation, failing appetite . . . studies every detail of their food . . . for instance would never dream of sending them off to school without a good hot breakfast. But what of herself?

Doctors will tell you how essential a good hot breakfast is—how essential a hot *Quaker Oats* breakfast is. For Quaker is rich in essential health elements including the *tonic, nerve-nourishing Vitamin B.* Shortage of this vitamin is a direct cause of poor appetite, "nerviness," indigestion and constipation. Grown-ups and children alike need tonic Vitamin B *every day*—and what better way of taking it than in delicious, creamy Quaker Oats? *Quick* Quaker is ready in four minutes.

EXPERTS CHOSE QUAKER OATS FOR THE FAMOUS DIONNE "QUINS"

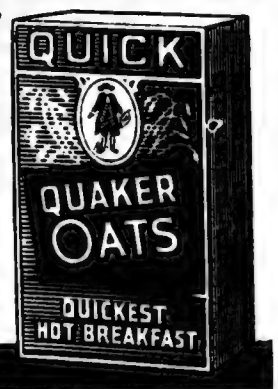
READ THEIR AMAZING STORY!

1 They are the first complete "set" of Quintuplets, in the history of the world, ever to live for more than an hour.

2 The odds against such a five-fold birth are 57,000,000 to 1.

3 Only 32 cases of Quintuplets being born are recorded in the past 500 years.

4 The Dionne "Quins" were born 2 months before they were expected, and their total weight at birth was only 13 lbs. 6 ozs.



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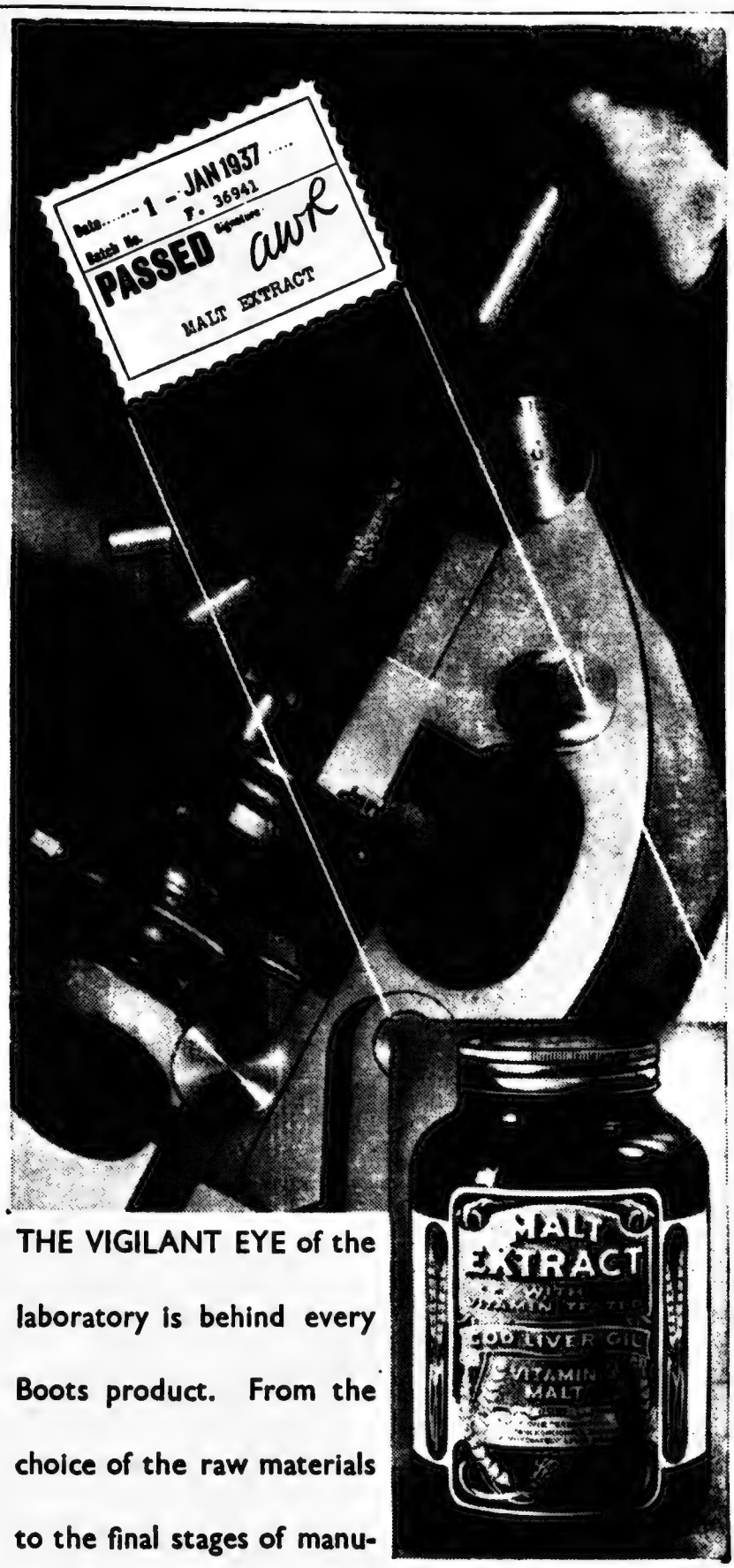


THE VIGILANT EYE of the laboratory is behind every Boots product. From the choice of the raw materials to the final stages of manufacture Boots laboratories are in strict and constant control. It is no exaggeration when we say that you can rely with the utmost confidence on every Boots product, whether it be an ordinary aspirin tablet or the most rare or dangerous drug.

YOU CAN RELY ON The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. Nottingham. CVS—85

Bringing up a family on £2·10/- a week

"You've got to know how to get the most good out of food"

SAYS TONBRIDGE MOTHER

HOW MRS. FORBES BUDGETS HER MONEY

"LOTS of women would consider themselves lucky if they had my £2.10.0 a week," says Mrs. Forbes, of Cage Green, Tonbridge, Kent. "But it isn't much for four. By the time we've paid for everything else, all I can allow for food is £1.2.0.

MRS. FORBES' WEEKLY BUDGET	
RENT - -	10 0
COAL & GAS	6 0
CLOTHES -	4 0
FOOD - -	1 2 0
SUNDRIES -	4 0
CLUBS AND INSURANCE	4 0
Total	£2 10 0

"Of course, with careful shopping this goes quite a long way. But to keep us all fit on it I've got to see we get the greatest possible good out of every meal we have. That's where Rowntree's Cocoa is such a big help. I don't know why — but somehow all our food does us more good when we have Rowntree's with it. It isn't a cheap cocoa to buy, but it's a real money-saver in the long run, because we get more nourishment for every pennyworth of food we eat.

"Rowntree's is so much easier to digest than other cocoas, too. My eldest boy used to suffer a lot with his digestion, but now he has Rowntree's he never gets any trouble."

That's sound reasoning, Mrs. Forbes! If you get more good from the food you buy, it stands to reason you're making your money go further. And Rowntree's Cocoa *does* help you to do this.

DIGESTIBILITY THE SECRET

A special predigestion process, used only by Rowntrees, makes it more digestible than other cocoas. **It's so digestible that it actually helps digest all other foods as no other cocoa can.** It even makes milk three times as digestible! With Rowntree's Cocoa *all* your food does you more good.

If you're bringing up a family on a small wage, bear these facts in mind next time you're buying cocoa. Ask for Rowntree's.

FREE! ART SILK HOSE

One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa Coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE25, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift booklet. Free Gift coupons in every tin.

Continuing: Front Page News

Mrs. THOMPSON'S BIG MISTAKE

be no interference with the course of justice.

How bitterly disappointed the solicitor was at this I realised when we met next. He was a broken man. The execution of Mrs. Thompson affected him beyond measure.

Another man who prayed that a reprieve for the woman would be granted was the late Divisional Detective-Inspector Hall, the officer responsible for the police evidence against the two prisoners. He gathered together the tangled lines of the whole sordid, horrible affair in a masterly way, and his success was established by the two convictions.

Yet Inspector Hall never expected that the woman would hang. He believed she would not And afterwards he hated the thought that, although he only carried out a painful duty, his work assisted in sending a young woman to the gallows.

Lord Bridgeman (left), who was the Home Secretary at the time of the drama; the knife which killed Thompson; and (right) Ellis the hangman, who was so upset by his execution of Mrs. Thompson that he committed suicide

Remarkable indeed that the execution of an erring, faithless wife should affect such a number of individuals of different occupation. Even John Ellis, the hangman, found that it was more than his hardened nerve could withstand.

Never was he the same man again after the morning of January 9, 1923, when an unconscious woman was carried like a bundle from condemned cell to execution dock. He told me that he was haunted by the scene and that he was robbed of sleep by the recollection.

Sad Trail

He gave up his appointment and afterwards committed suicide. I believe that he was driven to his end by a memory which tortured him.

Other prison officials who were on duty at Holloway in attendance on Mrs. Thompson also retired.

This also I know, that the late Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., the great criminal barrister, who defended Mrs. Thompson at the Old Bailey, was desperately unhappy—beneath his professional armour—at the conviction of his client.

Often he and I retried that murder case together. Sir Henry was convinced that the vital mistake of Edith Thompson was her determination to go to the witness-stand.

He advised strongly against it, warning her personally and through Mr. Stern.

"I know—I am convinced," he said, when we were talking in our hotel during the period of another notable murder trial at Lewes Assizes, "that Mrs. Thompson would be alive to-day if she had taken my advice. She spoiled her chances by her evidence and demeanour. I had a perfect answer to everything, which I am sure would have won an acquittal if she had not been a witness.

"She was a vain woman and an obstinate one. She had an idea that she could carry the jury. Also she realised the enormous public interest and desired to play up to it by entering the witness-box.

"Her imagination was highly developed, but it failed to show her the mistake she was making or to frame for her the ordeal of cross-examination. I could have saved her."

Beyond that Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett was one more who felt that Edith Thompson should not have been executed.

Looking back on this "eternal triangle" murder, I find a number of interesting sidelights.

When Mrs. Thompson was first taken to the Ilford Police Station she denied stoutly that she had seen the assailant of her husband or even knew that he was stabbed until he collapsed in the gutter and she went to give him assistance.

Apparently Mrs. Thompson—her brain stumbling and bemused under the shock of the murder—had an idea that the detectives would not connect it with Bywaters. She knew, too, that Bywaters was on the point of sailing for the Far East, and delay in the investigation would give him the opportunity of getting away.

The statements she first made were plainly untrue, but she would not amend them.

A shattering surprise was in store for her. Bywaters was detained in South London and conveyed to Ilford. Mrs. Thompson was in a room at the police-station with window overlooking the courtyard.

A "Scoop"

By chance, no doubt, Bywaters was escorted across the face of the window. Mrs. Thompson was so seated that she could not help but see him.

And the sudden realisation that her lover was in custody broke her dogged determination to say nothing.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "they have got Freddie. Oh, God! what can I do? Why did he do it? I did not want him to do it."

Then she told her full story of how the murder took place, and of her association with Bywaters. Always, however, she maintained that she had no preconception that Bywaters would wait at Ilford and attack Percy Thompson the husband.

When the police court proceedings against the prisoners was opened the newspapers learned that an exhumation of the body of Percy Thompson, from its new grave in the cemetery at Forest Gate, was contemplated. This was because of the implication of poisoning attempts in the letters of Mrs. Thompson.

Night after night reporters took duty outside the cemetery to describe events.

One newspaper secured a "scoop" on the exhumation. It published a full description of the opening of the grave and the removal of the body.

Were the other newspaper men who waited at the cemetery all night and saw nothing amazed? We were. We went back to the grave. It was still untouched. Our consternation turned to relief.

The exclusive of the exhumation was altogether wrong! A reporter on that particular newspaper trusted an apparently reliable informant, who assured him the exhumation was accomplished. Knowledge of how exhumations are usually carried out supplied the rest of the details which flared across the front page twenty-four hours before it happened!

"Beautiful"

A real example of anticipating the news. The exhumation *did* take place a day later. On that occasion the newspaper which was "first with the news" said very little, trusting to the fact that the memory of readers is notoriously short.

One last recollection, which shows the extraordinary, unbelievable things people will say under the stress of emotion.

After the execution of Edith Thompson I was sent to see a near relative of hers who had been up to Holloway.

"She looked beautiful in her coffin," said this relative. "I shall always remember the peaceful expression on her poor dear face."

The Greatest Of These

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Jimmy lost his father in September, 1935 He was a soldier, with sixteen and a half years' service to his credit, including four years in the war, from which he was discharged with malaria, dysentery and shrapnel wounds. His life pension died with him, as his widow was informed that the cause of his death was in no way connected with his accepted disability.

Jimmy's mother is not eligible for the widows' and orphans' pension. She has worked hard to keep the boy and herself on her earnings, which do not average more than 15s. a week.

But Jimmy's mother kept working and smiling until some seven weeks ago, when she developed tonsilitis and 'flu. She then kept herself and the boy alive by pawning and selling practically everything.

Because she feels weak at present, and lies awake dwelling on her plight, we ask our readers to cheer her and her boy up by sending donations earmarked "Jimmy," which, as in the case of subscriptions for the General Fund, which always needs cheering up, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

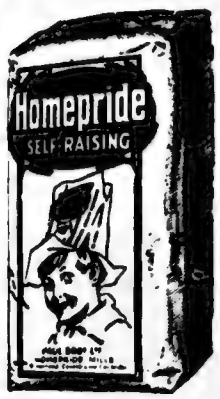
NEXT WEEK:
Coronation Secrets

What a break!

What a break for the family when Mother puts Pan Yan on the table! That's the stuff to make meals a treat! Meat—fish—cheese—whatever it is, up come the plates for more. Try some Pan Yan with supper to-night. It not only tastes delicious—it's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs!

PAN YAN - FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

20.6



A new flavour & texture for your favourite cakes!

FREE!

A CATHERINE IVES COOKERY BOOK

For a dozen empty 1-lb. bags or equivalent, we will send you a Cookery Book containing 174 recipes. Meanwhile send for the free booklet containing a selection of recipes from the big book. Dept. J6, Homepride Mills, Birkenhead.

Have you ever envied a friend her delicious piecrust? Such a lovely golden outside, so flaky and lightsome all through. Marvellous. Ask the secret, and ten to one it's Homepride. For in pastry-making the texture of the flour is all-important. Every particle of Homepride is carefully sifted through super fine silk. It lends a new flavour and fineness to everything you bake... Use it next baking day, and see what a difference it makes.

HOMEPRIDE

self-raising flour

For beauty's sake

Shampoo your face

TO have a radiantly clear and healthy complexion you *must* cleanse the tiny "breathing" pores in your skin of *every* trace of clogging grime. Soap-and-water washing merely cleanses the surface of your skin, leaving the pores choked with dirt. For the *pore-deep* purity which signifies perfect skin health, you need something more than ordinary soap-and-water — you need a twice daily "FACE SHAMPOO" with CUTICURA SOAP. The soft, luxuriant, mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap gives you the *EXTRA* tonic and beautifying benefits of a really thorough shampoo-cleansing. The skin is healthier immediately, and daily you watch your complexion become clear and lovely as all blemishes disappear. Apply Cuticura Brand Ointment direct, in cases of pimples, skin eruptions or rashes. It quickly allays irritation and starts the healing process.

For the perfect finish to your daily bath, try Cuticura Talcum. You'll love it for its refreshing fragrance.

Cuticura

PREPARATIONS

CUTICURA SOAP CUTICURA Brand OINTMENT CUTICURA TALCUM

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

FREE: Sample of Soap, Ointment, and Talcum sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, etc. Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78. J.), Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

FIRE DOWN BELOW
Out in the Far East things began to go wrong. Only little things, but they didn't escape the captain's eye. Then, as the voyage neared its end, came the cry—FIRE!
SHANGHAI
Why did you let those coolies rig that derrick by themselves? Use your eyes Mr. Hyde.
Sorry Sir. It looked O.K. to me.
BOUND FOR VLADIVOSTOK
30 miles out in your noon position. What's wrong with you Mr. Hyde? You'd better swallow the anchor and set up for a farmer.
SECOND DOG WATCH
...feeling under the weather Doc... whacked it the wide... your chest — me
So you want me to work a miracle? Well — I'll tell you what's wrong Night-Starvation. You haven't got enough energy. You forget that sleep uses up energy as well as work. I'll tell you what to do...
What's yon ye're mixing? Grog?
Horlicks for the Mate. Has it every night now, regular. And you'd have a bigger pay-off if you was to stick to Horlicks
There's smoke coming out of No 5 hatch, Sir. It's got afire somehow.
All hands muster! Fire stations! All hands muster!
Well, it might have been worse, Mr. Hyde. Now you'd better get a bit of sleep. You'll need it after the last two days.
LEADENHALL ST
The captain spoke very favourably of you, Mr. Hyde: particularly during the fire. Without promising anything, it's on the cards that you'll get a command of your own in a voyage or two.
Well Sir, you'll get a good man, and I'll lose a good Chief Officer

YOU need not search the high seas for examples of "Night-Starvation." Every day, in every kind of work, tired people are unable to do their job properly. Energy has been used up during sleep, keeping heart and lungs at work. They don't know how to create new energy to take its place.

A hot cup of Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime creates the new energy needed. It helps you to wake refreshed and ready to do an efficient day's work, and guards you against "Night-Starvation." Plain or Chocolate Flavoured. Prices from 2/-; also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

The BRIGHT way to lovely floors

That bright and beautiful polish which every housewife loves to see upon her floors is far more easily obtained by the use of 'Mansion.' And apart from the beauty of its polish 'Mansion' ensures a fresh, clean surface and destroys dust germs—two good reasons why 'Mansion' is used in so many homes.

so quick! so easy! so economical!

MANSION POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes. MP.CP.37.

HE'S SHIELDED AGAINST THOSE CONSTANT WINTER COLDS

Why accept it as inevitable when Winter comes, cold after cold is to be your lot? That continual sniff . . . that constant cold in the head . . . that stuffed-up feeling . . . making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—*and worse.*

End this continous catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, buses, trams or where infection is present).

★ INSTANT RELIEF for NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, etc., etc.

Read This Testimonial

P.N., Ballinger Road, N.E.12. "I wish to thank you for your Catarrh Pastilles. They are really splendid when cold in the head threatens."

Buy a handy 1/3 tin at any chemists, stores or herbalist's, or 1/4½ post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD
81t. ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.1.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

This great monopoly, unless checked, may bring ruin to thousands

MR. JOHN BROWN is a road transport contractor in a small way. Men of his calling, you might think, would benefit rather than lose by the increasing trade prosperity. Mr. Brown thought so, too.

He found tradesmen and merchants giving him more goods to carry, so much that he felt justified in buying extra lorries and engaging additional drivers. First, of course, he had to apply for the licensing authority's permission.

After some delay he was granted three vehicles by the Traffic Commissioner. Mr. Brown went ahead with his plans. Then the blow fell.

His competitors—a big combine—took the case to appeal. They won. The proceedings cost John Brown £150, and he could not afford to fight on. He was allowed a licence only for one small extra van, had to sell the other two new ones at a loss, to dismiss the men he had provided with jobs. And it seems likely that some of his customers will withdraw their patronage from a man who must refuse much of their work and will entrust it all to one of the railway-owned combines.

This story, true except for the victim's name (altered to save the victim from the results of official displeasure), typifies the methods by which a great industry is fast becoming a monopoly. Unless they are checked, there can be no doubt that they will bring ruin to thousands.

That is one side of the picture. Here is the other, though at first it may seem to have no bearing on the plight of John Brown and his fellows:—

At Donisthorpe Colliery, near Burton-on-Trent, 800 men went on strike a fortnight ago because they were not guaranteed a full day's work. Actually there was plenty of work for them to do, and they had no grievance against the colliery company.

Yet in the week before Christmas men with families drew less than £1—they would have got more on the "dole"—and often they were stopped for the day after a single hour at the coal face.

The reason was the shortage of railway wagons!

No trucks could be spared for the country's key commodity, pleaded the railway muddlers, because they were required for the transport of fruit, beet sugar and beer. A temporary breakdown in organisation? Hardly, for the shortage of wagons has been affecting the Moira group of mines, including the Donisthorpe pits, for more than two years.

"Having a happy working condition with the owners," a spokesman of the miners writes to us, "it is a terrible pity to be thrown into conflict with such bad transport arrangements."

It is. It is also a terrible pity for the nation that the railway companies, though unable to run their own business properly, are steadily gaining control over the entire road transport system.

Already more than three hundred concerns which carry passengers and goods are in their pockets, to say nothing of the 15,000 motor vehicles directly owned by them

Lest Parliament and the public take fright, we may presume the railway mandarins are still chary of admitting the full scope of their plans. The statement of Mr. Ashton Davies, chief commercial manager of the L.M.S., that the railways aim at securing a "controlled monopoly" of the carriage of goods on the trunk routes has aroused widespread comment.

But it is not only the trunk road services which the railway intend to domineer. The humblest of local carriers are faced with the prospect of having their business cut down until they starve. Any haulier, applying for official permission to operate, is pretty sure to be opposed by a railway company or one of the railway-owned road combines.

One small contractor, deciding to buy a trailer to take supplies of coal to isolated farmsteads, applied for a licence. Though he has yet to learn that the railway magnates, in their kindness of heart, run their lines to the most outlying dwellings so that the farmer's wife shall not go short of coal, he was confronted with counsel briefed by a railway company. His application was refused.

A North Countryman, owning a single van, applied for permission to extend his area from a radius of ten miles to a radius of fifty miles, since people often wanted him to move their furniture and other goods beyond his ten-mile limit. The railways' legal representative contested his claim and it was rejected.

And these are two ordinary cases from the many complaints which pour in upon JOHN BULL and the Associated Road Operators (the small contractor's protection society).

Some 20,000 hauliers, due to apply for renewal of their licences, are expecting the fiercest opposition to their demands that they shall be allowed to share in the better trade conditions. For the Road and Rail Traffic Act, under which their licences are issued, restricts them to the amount of business they did in the slump year of 1932, and if they want extra lorries to cope with augmented business they are accused of "disturbing the pool" of traffic.

First their application must be published to give objectors a chance to prepare their case. After some weeks or even months the enquiry is held by a Traffic Commissioner. Proof is demanded not only that the contractor has work waiting for the extra lorry, but that it is work which none of his competitors can do!

Almost invariably a big railway-owned concern points out that it could easily handle the work in question. Or its lawyer befogs the contractor, who may not have a solicitor's advice to guide him, with legal technicalities.

"Do you know what the double onus of the Euston decision is?" the lorry-owner is asked. And if he admits ignorance he is likely to be told to apply again after he has sought counsel's opinion.

Even if he succeeds, he must wait a month lest an appeal is lodged, and then he may have to face quite an array of legal talent—and heavy bills—while he may be called upon to furnish the names of his customers and his trading figures. It is not unknown for such information to be used by his competitors to their own advantage.

In a word, the dice are always loaded against the small operators who, by linking up towns and hamlets by cheap transport, have strengthened the country's resources and performed a task long neglected by the railways. Moreover, as Mr. Gleeson Robinson, the London Traffic Commissioner, has declared: "If the use of long-distance road transport had been prohibited ten or fifteen years ago, it seems probable that this country would have been handicapped in competing with other countries."

JOHN BULL is in favour of the entire transport system being brought under national control. But we are convinced that it will be a disaster if this control is usurped by the railway companies, who, as another Traffic Commissioner has remarked, "are never satisfied."

And we trust that before the railways succeed in straddling the country's roads like some monstrous octopus—squeezing to death large numbers of enterprising small business men in the process—the whole scandal will be effectively dealt with at Westminster.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

SO overwhelming has been the demand for JOHN BULL's great New Year £1 1s. Presentation—"The Story of the British People in Pictures"—that the offer must now be withdrawn.

Details and the Reservation Form are published on page 5 for the last time, and you should act at once.

In 512 pages, and with nearly 700 illustrations, "The Story of the British People in Pictures" unfolds the most stirring narrative of our island and our island race ever told.

So seize this opportunity before it is too late. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy of "The Story of the British People in Pictures" to-day.

Fitness through the forties

★ De KUYPER'S HEART LABEL HOLLANDS

★ AVAILABLE IN ALL SIZES

'Re-arm' against COLDS & FLU

Strengthen your Defence Forces

Colds and Flu germs are swarming to the attack! In our homes, in our offices and factories, in street, theatre, cinema, bus and tube!

Because you cannot escape them, you must be ready to fight them. If you are not to surrender to cold after cold or to be knocked-out by flu, *you must re-arm your defence forces, build up an IRON resistance to cold and flu germs.*

It is because so many of us are IRON-STARVED that we fall such easy victims to colds and flu. IRON 'JELLOIDS' by fortifying your blood and tissues with vital IRON increase your 'resistance', re-arm your defence forces against invading germs so that they can be defeated before they have done you serious harm.

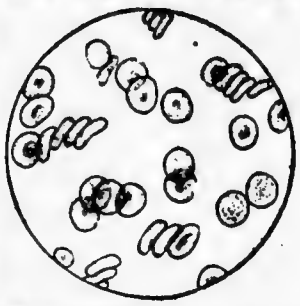
But it is useless to wait until you are attacked. You must be prepared, not let the enemy find you defenceless. Build up an iron resistance by starting a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal.*

Take IRON 'JELLOIDS' regularly with your meals. Not just now and again, but *regularly.* Soon you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement in your health. You will have much more energy—greater stamina. Your appetite will improve. You will sleep better. Work better.

If you already have a cold or flu, IRON 'JELLOIDS' will enable you to throw it off quickly. By invigorating your blood and giving IRON-STRENGTH to your entire system, they will give the defence forces of your body the power to overcome and put to rout all cold and flu germs.

And by continuing to take IRON 'JELLOIDS' you not only ensure rapid recovery of vigorous health, but you also protect yourself against further attacks.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *cannot injure the teeth,* are easy to take, and do not upset the digestion. Get a large box to-day!



When blood is deficient in iron, the red corpuscles are enfeebled and millions of them die. Consequently, your blood is poor, cannot properly nourish your body, and you are chronically weak.

Blood is red because there are from four to five million red corpuscles in every drop of it! Iron is a vital constituent of these cells and MORE IRON increases their number, makes your blood rich, red and vigorous.

Iron Jelloids

correct the Iron Starvation which causes

Weakness	Breathlessness	Poor Appetite	Paleness
Exhausted Nerves	Faintness	Weak Digestion	Sallowness
Lack of Energy	Palpitation	Constipation	Falling Hair
Tiredness	Heart Pains	Headaches	Brittle Nails
Liability to Colds	Numbness	Sore Tongue	Skin Blemishes

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

For MEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2a. For WOMEN: No. 2. For CHILDREN: No. 1

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

Use Snowfire Tablet to prevent chapped faces & cracked lips

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

After 2 Years' Baldness

Now This New Thick Growth

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Scurf or Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (53FL), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

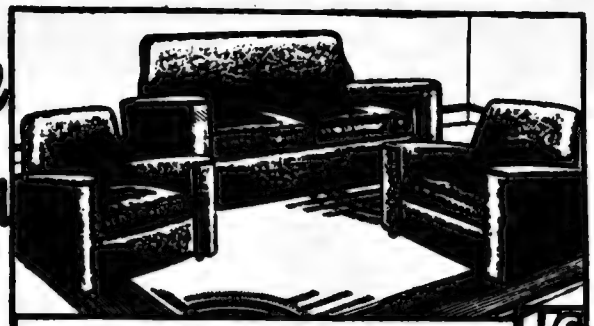
Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo

TURN TO PAGE 14—
There is an offer which may interest You!

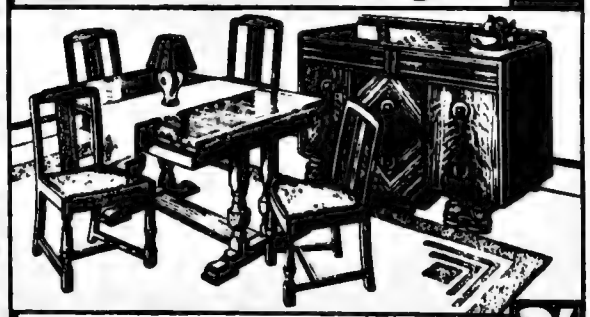
Jays Three-in-One

Greatly reduced prices — Exclusive designs fully guaranteed — Protection against misfortune

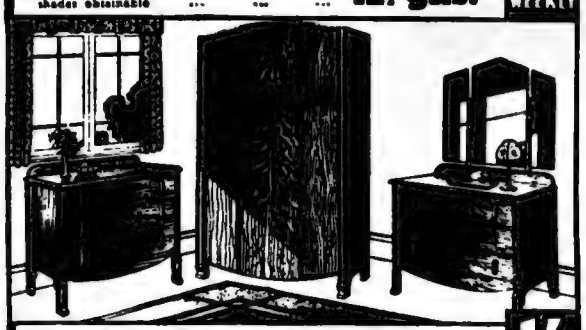
Biggest Bargains SALE with Complete Protection



Unexceptionable Bargain! Unique colourings can be had in this super 3-piece Suite upholstered in first quality rexine with patent sprung cushions. Note bold appearance and superb comfort ... ... 9½ gns. 1/6 WEEKLY



Thirty Only! Massive Oak Dining Room Set with roomy Sideboard fitted for Cutlery, etc., 5' x 3' draw-leaf Table, 4 Chairs upholstered in rexine. 3 different shades obtainable ... ... 12½ gns. 2/- WEEKLY



A Knock-out Bargain! Magnificent Oak Bedroom Suite comprising commodious Wardrobe fully fitted, 3-drawer Dressing Table with triple swing mirrors, large 3-drawer Chest. Ideal for second bedroom ... ... £5.17.6 1/- WEEKLY

Write and obtain full particulars of our protection scheme and see for yourself the conditions under which:—

1 Jays pay your instalments for 6 months in case of loss of wages through disablement and sickness.

2 In case of death, goods become the property of the next-of-kin without any further payment.

3 In case of fire Jays replace or repair goods entirely free.

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Post COUPON for FREE Catalogue

Please send me your fine Catalogue—Post Free

Name .....

Address .....

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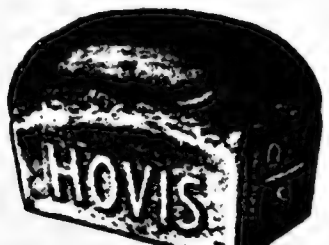

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Res. Seats: 3/6, 6/-, 8/-, 10/6. Unres.: 2/6.
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Seats bookable at usual Agencies and Libraries.
Special Car Park (adj. Addison Bridge) for owner drivers only. 1/-.

Man-eater OF Danauli

WITH hungry, gleaming eyes, the man-eater crouched in the tall elephant grass and watched the three Gond women gathering wood. He was a full-grown tiger, measuring nine feet between pegs. He was heavy and massive, but very old.

Behind his wicked eyes was the cunning and cruel mind of an outlaw. Experience had taught him that he had transgressed the laws of the jungle—"Thou shalt not kill man." It made him cunning and elusive.

The man-eater had a particular liking for women—possibly as they were more tender than men, but more likely because the Gonds send their women into the jungles for wood and grass while they are occupied gathering crops in the fields.

For some weeks now the man-eater had terrorised the little-frequented jungles, halfway between the old town of Mandla and the sacred temples of Amarkantak His main haunt was the forest reserve of Danauli. Here he had claimed over a score of human beings.

He watched the women separate. Two youngsters went behind some trees, leaving an old lady on the fringe of the tall grass. No sooner had they done so than the man-eater sprang up from the grass and bore the old lady to the ground.

The attacked woman emitted a prolonged scream that resounded throughout the jungle. It was the scream of a person helpless in the jaws of death. Hearing the scream, the other women dropped their wood and turned sharply round.

For a brief second they stood frozen in horror, staring at the tall grass. But all they saw was the moving trail of waving grass as the man-eater dragged his victim away into the forest depths. Rolling their eyes fearfully towards the blue sky, they uttered terrified whimpers and fled toward their village.

The death of the old lady caused a stir in the village of Chandna. When the girls had brought the news of the tragedy the villagers armed themselves with antique matchlocks and tom-toms and bravely returned to the kill. There they found the poor old lady in a state of terrible mutilation.

The man-eater had torn the left leg from the hip. Her neck was broken and bore the deep marks of the tiger's fangs. But the most distressing sight was her fearfully contorted face.

The Gonds trussed the remains to a pole, which they tied to a tree. Then, lighting two fires at the foot of the tree, they departed for their village.

Near the village of Chandna a white man, bronzed by the tropical sun, was talking to his native servant. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man nearing forty.

Despite years spent in exploring and adventure, he still showed evidence of refinement which comes with genteel breeding. His blue, smiling eyes regarded the dusky Gond enquiringly.

"You say that an old lady was killed near here to-day," he said.

"Yes, master," the servant replied, pointing towards the sloping hills to the right. "Somewhere up there, master."

"Well," the other returned decisively, "maybe this time we will get the monster."

Picking up his rifle he set off down the track which led to the village.

Some time later he was interviewing the four strapping sons of the man-eater's victim.

"You come with me," he said, "and show me where your mother's remains are."

Shaking their heads, the terrified Gonds looked at each other in dismay. It was palpable that they did not relish the task, but after much boot-persuasion the white man finally induced them to accompany him.

Reaching the tree where the body of the old lady rested, the four sons drew back, as if paralysed with fear and mesmerised by the proximity of the forest.

With the greatest difficulty the white man persuaded the Gonds to climb the tree to erect a machan—a sort of platform fixed between tree branches to enable the hunter to keep observation in comparative safety.

Half an hour later the hunter climbed the tree about twenty yards above the kill. The position commanded a good all-round view and was beyond the gaze of even the most sophisticated tiger.

Soon after sunset shadows began to creep up the slopes of the surrounding country.

Darkness at length descended on the valley: the kill faded into the shadows. The hunter was faced with a twelve-hour vigil. He dared not close his eyes for fear of falling from his perch.

Once, however, in the depths of night, he was shaken out of a doze by a noise near the kill. The flash of his electric light revealed a solitary gorged hyena. Towards dawn, he heard the far distant roar of a hungry tiger.

After sixteen hours' vigil, chilled, numbed and sleep-ridden, he descended the machan and let the vultures on to the kill. The man-eater had scored off him once again.

But two days later there was to be a final reckoning. It had become a battle of wits between the hunter and the jungle scourge The odds were slightly in favour of the man-eater, as he was taking the hunter to his own haunts. But the man had the advantage of slaying at a distance.

Two days later on a peaceful jungle morning two Gonds racing across the vista of fields, brought the news to the hunter that there had been a fresh kill at Sarangpur, south of his camp.

The man-eater had crossed the Selwar track one night as the hunter and servant were asleep, passed their camp fire within scenting distance, and extended his reign of terror to the southern block.

Within an hour the white man was hunting th blood trail, whi was profuse. T stou trackers his shoulde pointed the wa As they moved fo ward the jung seemed hushed expectation. A Nature appeared be holding breath to see t terror of th jungle die.

As they heard the man-eater in th distance gnawing the human bones o his prey, they stopped dead Their tim had come at last—the murderer wa within killing distance.

The ground hereabout sloped upwar With every muscle of their bodies tau the party made the detour step by ste Their aim was to get above the tige for they knew full well that it would b suicide to take on the charging man eater from below.

When they reached the top of th slope, the white man posted the Gond up trees. They climbed cautiously, ste by step. Only twenty yards separate them from the huge man-eater that wa devouring his kill in the undergrowt below.

Gripping his rifle and clenching hi teeth, the white man began to descen the slope towards his enemy. It was th most intense moment of his life.

Catching sight of the stripe body a minute later, h crouched to the ground. Fo lowed an ominous growl. Th tiger gripped the left leg of it victim in its strong jaws, and with tremendous effort tore it off from th hip-joint. Then he slowly dragged downhill.

The hunter stood up and there, onl a few yards away, the great yellow-and black beast with the tattered gobbet in its mouth, stood looking at him over h shoulder.

Resting his .470 against a tree, th hunter aimed at the back of the man eater's neck and pressed the trigger There was a loud report, whereupon th terror of Danauli dropped, quivered and lashed his tail, and never moved again.

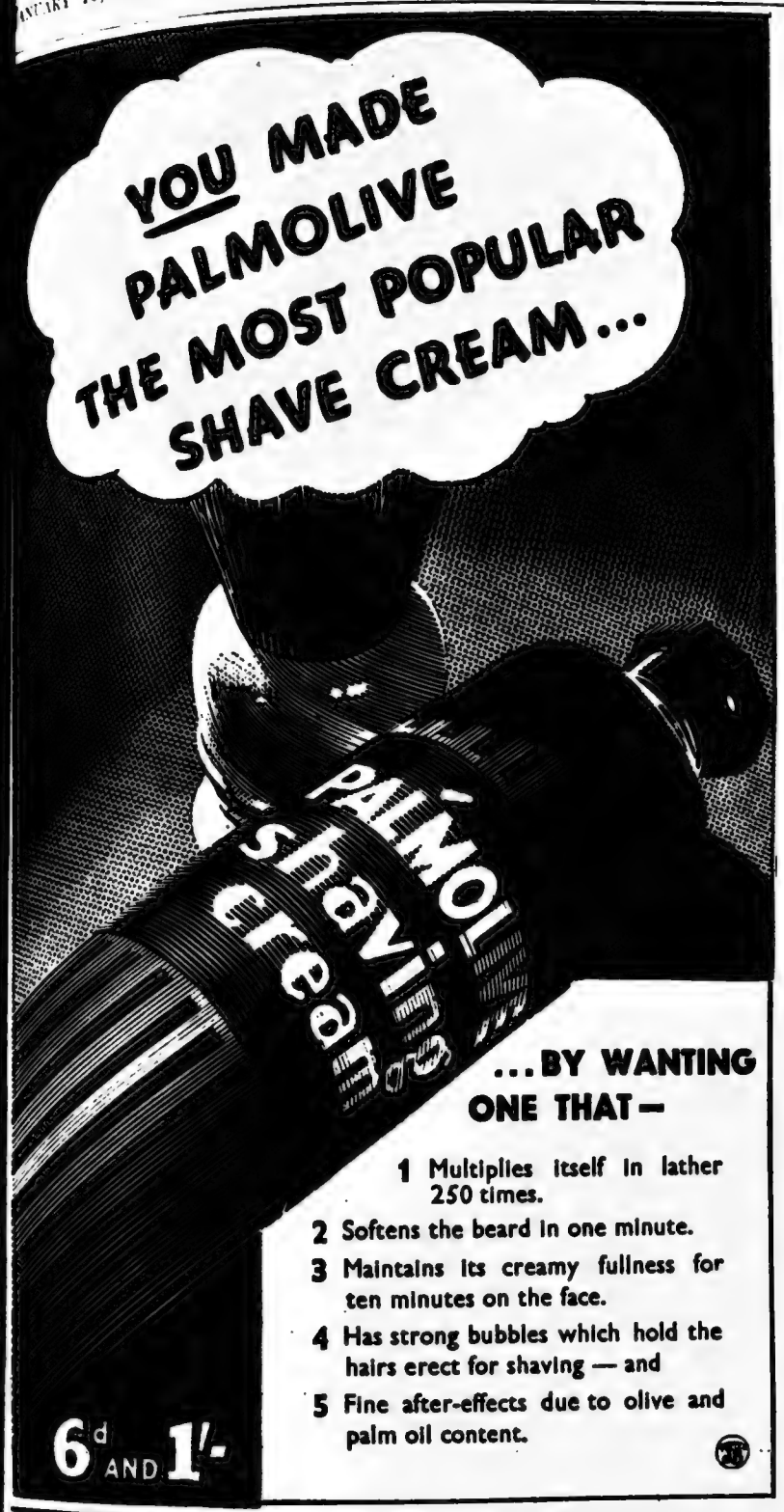
Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 301,692, Major L. Handley, M.C., 2, Branksome Ct., Bournemouth.

Brandy...

MABELL

... has SO MANY USES

With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!



...BY WANTING ONE THAT—

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving — and
5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

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"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 33.

CONQUER THAT COUGH

Doctor says: "YADIL... truly wonderful. I have had great results in Influenza, Whooping Cough... Chronic Bronchitis in which nothing else gave any results." M.B., M.Ch., M.O.H. The famous garlic remedy. YADIL has had remarkable success with Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Chest complaints.

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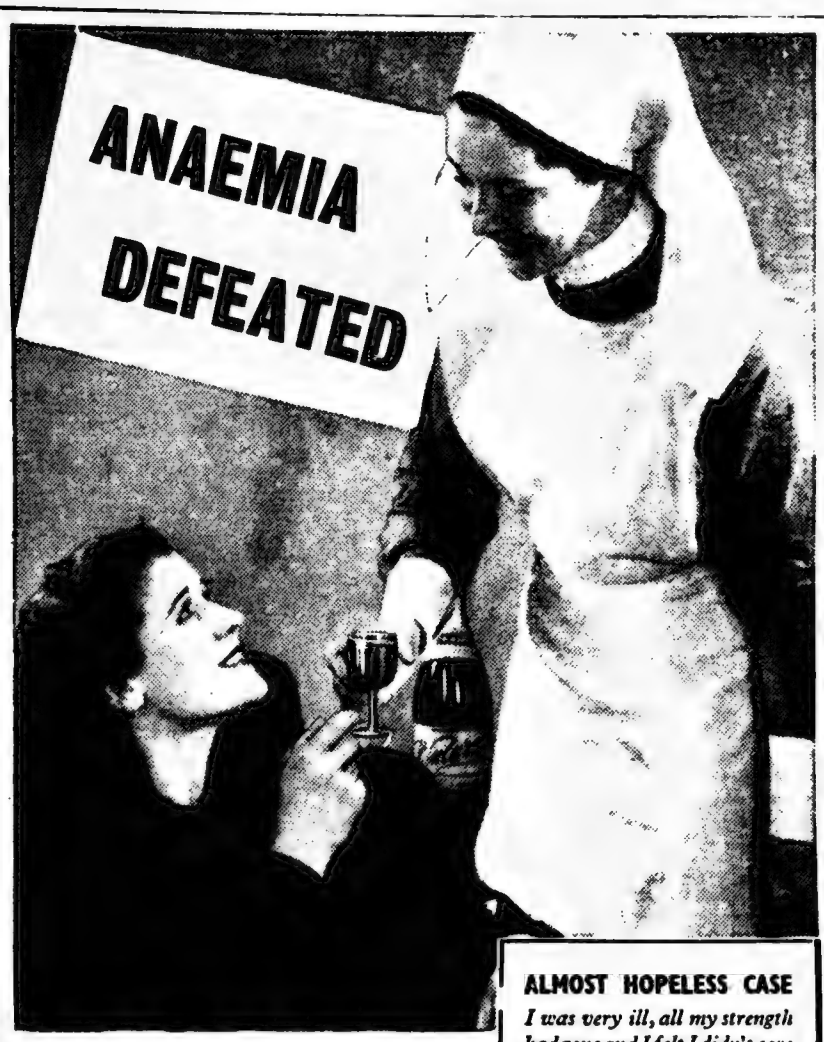

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Back to health, back to strength, back to the joy of living. What a blessing and a boon is offered to you by Wincarnis, The Wine of Life. Wincarnis fights anaemia, strengthens nerves, restores vitality. From the first reviving glass it starts to build you up. Youthful blood begins to flow, sleep comes back, depression falls away. Avoid cheaper, inferior products—remember health is priceless. Only first quality ingredients are used in making Wincarnis. It is worth every penny of its cost. Thousands have proved the wonderful building power of Wincarnis. You can do the same.

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I was very ill, all my strength had gone and I felt I didn't care whether I ever got up again or not. After my first bottle of Wincarnis I felt a different woman. I began to pick up quickly. If anybody asks me what put me on my feet I always say Wincarnis.
Testimonial C/D 1017

NEW LIFE

As a general pick-me-up I think Wincarnis is wonderful. I was in a very low state and felt I hadn't an ounce of strength in my body. The first wineglass seemed to put new life into me and I am now eating and sleeping much better.
Testimonial S/C 3962

Nursed back to health and strength on Wincarnis! Thousands of almost hopeless sufferers know the joys of a Wincarnis convalescence. Joyous vitality returning day by day. New youth . . . new life . . . new happiness. Send for your FREE trial bottle of Wincarnis on the coupon below.

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Yvonne, martyr to chesty colds, freed by Vick

Yvonne's mother, Mrs. O. Pantofel, Montague St., Leicester, says: "Vick loosened her chest, eased her breathing. It was the turning-point in Yvonne's life. Vick has kept her free from colds ever since."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS **VICK** BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Three Thousand CITY PESTS

WHO are the "half-commission men"? The public heard something of their operations in a recent case at the Old Bailey, where Paul Mitchell, a nineteen-year-old catspaw, was bound over on a charge of obtaining money from a stockbroker by fraud. JOHN BULL thinks it time a little more was heard about them.

The City has an army of something like 3,000 half-commission men—the share salesmen who tout good stock and bad in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia, in the pubs and clubs from Bayswater to Billingsgate, in any place where suckers are forgathered.

They look respectable enough, and dress elegantly—as they can well afford to do. Ten-to-one an old school tie gives a final touch to their appearance of superficial affluence.

Their manners are perfectly delightful, but however pleasant their smile and however amusing their chatter, they are pests; they form an army of prim, polite young men whom the City should long ago have removed from its midst.

For the half-commission racketeers who hang around the Stock Exchange and Throgmorton Street are among the least desirable elements that make up what is known as "the richest square mile in the world."

% % %

In a sentence, their work, their life, their whole ambition is to sell to you or any one else as many shares as they can, just as quickly as they can.

They do not in the least care what kind of stocks or shares they foist on to their "clients." Dud bonds are the same to them as gilt-edged Government securities. All that matters is that there should be a ready flow of willing buyers, and a ready supply of stocks and shares to sell to them.

Add anything approaching boom conditions on the Stock Exchange—when in frenzies of excitement all sorts of people are willing to speculate in the hope of raking in quick profits—and the half-commission merchants are in their element. They ask nothing more of life.

The half-commission men imagine that they achieve some status by being vaguely "something in the City." Most of the 3,000 of them (that is a modest estimate, for they are variously said to number from 2,500 to 5,000 and, as usual in the City, nobody can say which figure is correct) are casually associated with stockbrokers.

They may have the confidence of an uncle on 'Change, or perhaps there is a cousin twice removed in an obscure directorship—the flimsiest connection and the half-commission man is "in the City."

And on the strength of their eminently respectable families, their expensive education and their passable connections they are given a free hand to wander where they will, inveigling who they may into a gamble or a flutter or just a deal.

Paul Mitchell, youthful catspaw of a half-commission man, has said "goodbye to all that"

The stockbrokers encourage them for the business which they bring from dowagers and chorus girls, from Kensington cocktail parties and City cafés. They have existed for years, and for years they have earned their half-commission in this way.

Now, in point of fact, they receive as rake-off only one-third of the commission to which the broker is entitled—and with that they may make £5 or £50 a week; so no wonder they flourish.

Indeed, the numbers are, if anything, increasing with the growth of Stock Exchange activity. Industrial revival and the new impetus given to it by the rearmament programme have sent share values rocketing during the past twelve months to the highest levels for many years.

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As the boomlet has developed more and more people not normally attracted by share speculation have begun to dabble in stocks and shares, many of them quite clearly being impressed by the substantial fortunes that have been cleaned up by leading operators in various recent big deals.

The fact that those fortunes have been made immensely strengthens the attractiveness of the "little parcels" of shares which the half-commission men whisper confidingly have been specially put aside for their most valued clients.

Armed with the latest market jargon, which passes for knowledge away from the Stock Exchange, they hop around repeating parrot-like the slick phrases easily picked up in Throgmorton Street and Shorter's Court.

Off they go to their aunts and their cousins and their casual friends, to shopkeepers with small savings to invest, to people met at parties and club dances, to young men and women with too-generous allowances. . . .

All but the strongest-minded of these are easy prey to these plausible, impressive young men who carry so easily on their carefully tailored shoulders the burdens of City life.

If the truth were told of even a tiny proportion of the deals the half-commission men arrange with such zealous attention there would be some sensational stories to recount. Not a few investments that were to be the bases for big fortunes have provided instead nothing but blocks of share certificates not worth the ink with which they are printed.

It is one thing to buy shares; it is another to buy shares on the advice of a reputable City broker. At least he will not leave you stranded high and dry with an interest in an entirely mythical gold mine, or in one of those companies on the borderline of respectability, of which there seems to be an inexhaustible supply, where the half-commission men are concerned.

These personable racketeers are not always guilty of deliberate deception, but often are completely ignorant of the real value of their wares. They serve no apprenticeship, they are not required to possess licence or certificate and they need know nothing of the country's industrial organisation.

% % %

Perhaps 500 of them may be knowledgeable, experienced men who perform something like a useful service among a restricted circle of clients who, for reasons of their own, prefer to deal through half-commission men rather than directly through a firm of brokers.

The rest are without any practical knowledge of the industries whose shares they sell, and they care still less.

They know nothing about labour values, about changing market conditions, about international competition, about restriction schemes, or the thousand-and-one other things which to-day have an increasingly important effect on Stock Exchange activity.

And yet the Stock Exchange tolerates them, encourages them by virtue of its lack of criticism. It allows them to have some kind of niche of their own in City life. It leaves them open to the wiles of unscrupulous company promoters, the unconscious tools of any "bull" operator who wants to rig a market for himself.

And it leaves them free to spread abroad an entirely wrong conception of stockbroking, of the Stock Exchange, and of the manner in which this country's commerce is organised.

It is time the committee of the Stock Exchange began to realise the harm that undesirable types of half-commission men can do, not only to the City and the unsuspecting and unfortunate investor, but to the country as a whole.

The world's financial centre could do very well without them. Let the hangers-on be told where they get off!

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IT happened in one of the hardest hit of the Lancashire cotton towns. A housewife contracted measles, and "No need to worry" was the verdict of her doctor.

No need to worry, when the victim, in addition to doing all the work of the household, had to earn enough in the mill to bring her husband's wage up to the level at which it could maintain a family!

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"It was not in bottles, like the doctor's tonic," he writes. "It was in a form considerably more palatable and effective—a JOHN BULL cheque." By removing the financial cause of her worries, it put her on the way to complete recovery.

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Please send Trial Sample of Angiers Brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

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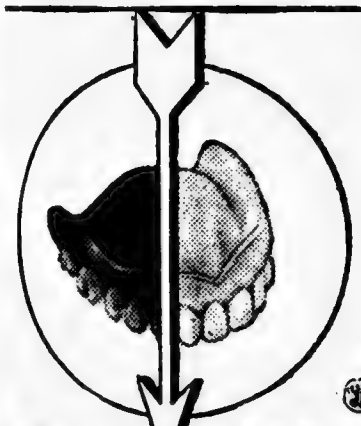

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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don't overlook JAY'S Sale announcement on page 29. A free copy of their fine catalogue will be sent on receipt of the special coupon. Simply fill in your name and address and post Coupon now, while you think of it—or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Jay's Furnishing Stores, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. Particulars of Jay's protection scheme will accompany this Special Sale Catalogue.

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For more than fifty years Seccotine has been known and respected as the best household adhesive for making or mending articles of all descriptions. Seccotine is compounded from a special formula and is infinitely more effective than any glue.
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THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

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From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned. That's the time 'Milk of Magnesia' performs the greatest service for many women.

It relieves the expectant mother's nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps her digestion. Its mild but effective laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

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Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 1/- per box and in bottles 2/- & 3/6 for family use. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

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For quick and lasting relief from agonising pains in the back there is nothing so good as resting for twenty minutes in hot alkaline water supercharged with active oxygen. This rapidly eliminates, through the 7,000,000 pores of the skin, the uric acid and other deposits which are pent up in the system and form the direct cause of all rheumatic pains. A medicated alkaline bath is easily prepared at home by dissolving a handful of 'Reudel Bath Salts' in a bath of hot water, which is then impregnated not only with oxygen, but also the essential constituent salts of famous curative spas. Any chemist can supply sufficient 'Reudel Bath Salts' for several baths for 1s. 6d.

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Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J. 66, Clifton, Bristol.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

Pity the child whose lot is to choose between her affection for her father and her mother, especially if they are of different races

WHEN *Family Loyalties* CLASH

ADAM, in the Garden of Eden, had to choose between good and evil. A far more difficult choice confronts many folk. They have to decide between two courses which are equally good. That is the case with three readers whose letters I have before me.

My first correspondent has to choose between her mother and her father. Her letter comes from far-off China and it is worded so quaintly that I will give it just as it reached me:—

Seventeen years ago a young Chinese lady and Englishman were married in Singapore. They are my father and mother. I am a girl and the only child of the marriage. To be the only child is lucky enough, for he or she is loved by both mother and father.

In my case my parents are often quarrelling over lion's share of love me. Some time ago they were quarrelling about something else, and as a result they were separated. Though I was able to cool them down before, this last trouble was beyond my power.

Now everything is settled between them. My father is returning to England for good and the only thing for which he is waiting is my final decision, for he is persuading me to company him to his mother country. My mother also is persuading me to remain with her.

I am now between deep sea and devil, for if I company my father to England I will break my mother's heart and yet I don't want to be disloyal to him, and the only thing I can do is to wait your wonderful help so that I am holding myself in readiness to follow your useful advice.

For which act of kindness I thank you from the depth of my heart of hearts.

There is one way by which this problem could be solved. It is for a reconciliation to take place between this girl's father and mother. It is evident that they both love their daughter, and that ought to be the link to bind them together.

An attempt to bring this about is well worth trying. "I'll come with you," this girl should say to her father, "if mother can come, too."

If, however, that man will not agree, then I suppose most of my readers would urge her to stay with her mother. I am not so sure. A good deal depends upon the girl herself.

I wonder whether she is English or Chinese in looks and manners and disposition. If the former, then it is likely that the land of her fathers will call her.

That call has been irresistible in other and similar cases I have known. But if she takes after her Chinese mother, then I think definitely she should stay with her.

She is young and she would be very lonely in a strange land, especially without any maternal care and companionship. If I knew her personally I could readily advise her. But I wonder if there is not someone where she lives who has the knowledge which is denied me.

"My husband or my daughter"—that is the choice before my next correspondent. Here is her letter:—

Sixteen years ago, when I was a widow with a little girl of two, I married my present husband, and I have had six children by him. He did not take to his step-daughter, and as she has grown older there have been constant quarrels between them.

In view of this unpleasantness I felt I could stand it no longer, and I went away taking the two babies with me and leaving my husband with the other four children.

My own daughter, who is now eighteen, also came, but after a fortnight I went back, as I felt the other children needed me. My husband was very angry, and said I must either give up my girl or he and I must live separate lives.

I told him I would not give her up, for although I know she is old enough to look after herself, I feel that she may need me yet. I love my husband, but I love her too.

What am I to do? For living in the same house under such conditions is very uncomfortable.

If only this husband and step-daughter could be made to "hit it" together. Here again I think the effort is well worth trying. First of all, my correspondent should have a talk with her girl.

Let her try to induce her to do her share towards making the home happy. Let her point out that it takes two to make a quarrel, and make an appeal to her to stop this constant arguing with her husband.

Then she should let her husband know what she has done and tell him she wants to do her best for him and for all her children. Ask him if he cannot treat this stepdaughter with the same consideration and affection as he shows the others.

The trouble undoubtedly arises in that girl's mind, because she feels that he is "only a step-father," and is antagonistic towards her. Once that feeling is removed it should be possible for them all to live at peace together.

It will be a great achievement if, after a chat of this kind, this woman is able to bring about a better understanding between the two concerned. If that fails, however, then I agree with my correspondent that the present unpleasant conditions cannot continue.

Her eldest daughter is now eighteen, and it can't be very happy for her knowing that she is the cause of the strife.

She would be far better off if she found a post where she could live in, and she could arrange to see her mother during her off-duty time.

This should lead to the resumption of the old relationship between husband and wife.

A good many people are worried over death-bed promises. Here is a case of that kind. The girl concerned is torn between the wishes of her dead father and her love for a young man. It is the young man who writes:—

For three years I have been keeping company with a girl, and for the last twelve months we have been engaged. Eighteen months ago her father died, but before he passed over he made her promise to have nothing more to do with me.

The reason he gave was that my prospects were not good enough for her to marry me. It is true that at that time I was not in a good position, but since then my circumstances have improved, and only two months ago my employer told me he was pleased with my work and gave me an increase of six shillings a week.

Even now I am not satisfied with my position in life, and I am studying in my spare time for the Civil Service, hoping to take the examination very shortly.

We are both very much in love, and it is only this promise to her father that is keeping us apart. Do you think she should let that spoil our lives?

Now that promise was extracted not because the father had anything against my correspondent's character, but only because he was not satisfied with his prospects. But those conditions have now disappeared.

This young man's hard work has already borne fruit in an increase of salary. His ambition may take him into the Civil Service.

Had that father lived a little longer and witnessed these things, he would never have extracted such a promise from his daughter.

These young people are in love with each other. It would be a great pity if that shadow from the past should be allowed to interfere with their future happiness.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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MOTHER!

YOUR CHILD NEEDS STRENGTH TO STOP HIS COLD

WHEN your child has a cold, it's not enough to try to ease the trouble with remedies that are only local in their effect. Such remedies make your child more comfortable, but they can't be expected to fight the cold at its root. What you must do is to strengthen your child's whole body so that he has the vitality to throw off his cold completely and avoid catching cold again. The way to do that is with Scotts Brand Emulsion.

Scotts Brand Emulsion is the quick-acting winter tonic for children. An eminent Research Body has proved that

within thirty minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of this white, creamy emulsion, every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body, and particularly his chest and lungs.

You will soon see a wonderful improvement in your child. His cough will be eased. The dangerous after-cold weakness will quickly disappear. He will get plumper, sturdier, stronger, rosy-cheeked, and go through the rest of the winter free from coughs, colds and other illnesses that make mothers so anxious about their children.

Remember: every cold makes your child weaker and more liable to catch cold again. So you must build up his body at the same time as you clear away his cold; give him Scotts Brand Emulsion from today.

SCOTTS BRAND **EMULSION**

STARTS STRENGTHENING YOUR CHILD'S CHEST WITHIN 30 MINUTES

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?

YOU clean your lavatory-pan regularly — of course. But is it cleaned completely? Not only the bowl — but also round that hidden bend in the pipe? Is it disinfected? Is it deodorised? There won't be any doubts if you use Harpic.

Harpic is specially made for lavatory-pans. It keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that bend in the pipe — cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time.

Yet with Harpic all you have to do is to sprinkle it, leave as long as possible, then flush. No hard work! No unpleasantness! No need to keep poisonous fluids and dangerous acids about the house!

Ask for a tin of Harpic next time you're out shopping. In NEW EASY-FLOW TINS, it costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9d.

Cleans! Disinfects! Deodorises!

—FOR LAVATORIES

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Doctor's Amazing Discovery Brings Back Youth To Faded Wrinkled Skins

A Vienna medical journal announces the latest triumph of science which will startle the world. Not only has the *cause* of wrinkles been found, *but how they may be removed*. Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh clear complexion of their girlhood days. Women of 50 and 60 may regain the smooth unwrinkled skin of youth.

Wrinkles come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital nourishing elements. These elements are now obtained from carefully selected young animals. When fed back to the human skin they make it fresh and young again. These are the astounding results of research made at the University of Vienna under the leadership of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. The sole rights to the Professor's discovery have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. His extract of living skin cells, called 'Biocel', is to be found only in Crème Tokalon (Rose Colour). In hospital tests on women of 60 to 70 years of age, wrinkles were banished in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Apply Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. By special arrangement any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422K), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

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19/11 Offer

C 256

Fashion decrees **ASTRAKHAN** Cloth Coats for 1937. Here is a perfect example of this delightful vogue, cut in super quality fabric with all the richness of **PERSIAN LAMB** and lined throughout for extra warmth. Expertly tailored, this newest Swagger is flattering to all figures and so easy to wear. Try one on in your own home—there is no obligation to purchase.

SEND 2/- DEPOSIT (*returned immediately if not satisfied*) and Model C.256 will be sent **ON APPROVAL**

Balance may be paid in monthly instalments of 3/6 if preferred **AT NO EXTRA COST.**

COLOURS: Brown, Black.
Sizes: SW, W.

Also Full W. at 21/11
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COUPON *Please send me* SWAGGER COAT C256

Fill in coupon and enclose crossed // Postal Order for deposit and 6d. postage together with full name and address. (*Overseas full cash only*).

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J. Bull, 16/1/37

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IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ½d. STAMP.

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ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
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OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

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To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1.

Please send FREE 9d. Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

NAME .....
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Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. Please write clearly.

GASTRIC ULCER "NEARLY COST ME MY LIFE"

The hours and duties of a railway guard tend to make him liable to stomach trouble. Mr. Baylis, a Worcester Railway Guard, suffered from a gastric ulcer which, he says, "nearly cost me my life." He had X-rays, an operation, and was strictly dieted for months, yet still his pain returned, his appetite failed, his work almost got beyond him.

Now read what he writes:

". . . I decided to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and I never had the pain again. Now I can eat anything that comes along, but I always take your Powder after eating. I take it to work with me and am never without it."

If Maclean Brand Stomach Powder can work such wonders for Mr. Baylis, suffering from gastric ulcer, how much more can it do for *you*, if your stomach trouble has not yet reached that serious state! Start now, with the original MACLEAN BRAND. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

Accept this FREE OFFER

WOULD you like to try Angier's Brand Emulsion, the most invigorating tonic of its kind and a standard treatment for colds, coughs and catarrhal affections. Simply fill in the coupon on page 33, enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and post right away.

End Torture of PILES

However maddening the irritation, Germoloids will stop it. However bad the inflammation, Germoloids will reduce it. They are a marvellous combination of soothing, emollient, astringent and antiseptic ingredients, and they never fail to give quick relief and lasting improvement.

A Germoloid Suppository at bedtime ensures continuous medication all through the night, besides providing ample lubrication and a dense lasting protective coating to prevent "dragging down" and acid irritation. They also prevent "morning constipation" because the special lubricant also checks absorption of moisture.

Use one each night until cured—then one per week as protection from renewed attack.

Germoloids

From Chemists—1/3 per box of 12

(For External Use, use Germolene brand Ointment in addition.)

A sham "blind" beggar may sometimes net as much as £25 a week

BEGGARS *Collect* £20,000,000 A YEAR

MORE than £20,000,000 a year is given by small salary and wage-earners "to the poor."

They cannot bestow it in cheques. They hand it out in pennies, twopences, sixpences, to whatever "poor" people put their hands out for alms in the street, the café, the "pub" or on the suburban doorstep.

But these people are not the real poor, as you will realise when you read this article.

Ninety per cent. of them belong to Britain's 50,000 professional beggars, of whom the man found recently with £310 in his pocket, and who has been ordered to pay for his three months' imprisonment, is typical.

The first time I caught a glimpse of the racket behind street begging, writes a JOHN BULL representative, was when I was out for a walk with that well-known novelist, Mr. Valentine Williams.

In Leicester Square, the author of the "Clubfoot" series, stopped before a shivering wreck who held a few boxes of matches in his hand. Mutual recognition flashed between them.

Said the novelist to the beggar: "The last time I helped you was in the South of France. I suppose you go there every year for the season?"

Said the beggar to the novelist: "Yes, sir, I do. But you don't get the English people with money there nowadays."

The next glimpse I had was when I told that story to the late Lady Houston at her house at Dalwhinnie.

"I have met some of the most abject-looking mendicants of the London streets at fashionable watering places abroad," she said.

"One, who is a paralytic ex-soldier with shoe-laces in his hands in the West End of London, becomes a spatted and monocled young man with a hard-luck story on the Mediterranean coast."

I mentioned these things to Major Medley, secretary of the London Mendicity Society. "Even in the quiet Cornish resort of Polperro I saw the familiar face of a West End beggar," he told me.

BUT it was left to a police superintendent to cap these experiences.

There was one fellow who could earn £5 a day in London's Club-land at the height of the London season," he said, "which was sufficient, even if he rested for the remainder of the year, to give him an average remuneration far higher than most professional men enjoy.

"Yet greed made him move about wherever Society was to be found.

"I have even known him to crawl through suburban streets singing 'Throw Out the Life-Line'—his coat collar turned up to give the right degree of pathos—rather than do nothing at all on days when Society appeared to be nowhere in particular."

Superintendent Gregory, of the Nottingham Force, can tell of three beggars who visited his city and who, when questioned, made off in their own car.

Detective-Inspector Greenhill, of Dartford, Kent, can add to that the story of a man whose head appeared to be glued to his right shoulder, who trailed a leg as he walked, described himself as paralysed and shivered from head to foot.

When one of the fleetest policemen in the local force went to speak to him he made off at the speed of an Olympic runner.

Funnier still the story you can hear at Greenwich police station. A man with a board inscribed: "Struck Deaf and Dumb by Electric Shock" made his appearance in the main street there.

"Here, my lad, what are you after?" demanded a policeman, who watched him for a time. And the deaf and dumb man at once shook a sea-lawyer's finger, and counselled: "I have a right to demand to see your warrant!"

It will surprise you to know, if you are given to helping street beggars without sparing them a second glance, that in the view of most police officials and welfare workers, only about one in 150 of these people have need to beg.

The London Mendicity Society goes so far as to say that no blind person has a right to seek alms. Every blind person has a right either to a wage-packet or to maintenance.

The blind men who go round public-houses often make up to £25 a week, and rarely less than £8. Some of them can afford to pay as much as £4 a week to the pathetic-looking women guides who pose as their wives or daughters.

In fact, a young woman with the requisite look of unutterable woe can sometimes add from £5 to £10 a week to a blind man's earnings.

If you were to follow to their homes some of the people you have given hard-earned coppers, you would be staggered.

A few months ago, Vine-street police caught a would-be housebreaker. This agile crook was one of London's "totally paralysed" street beggars who, to their certain knowledge, had never earned less than £1,000 a year.

A man who is a real nuisance to the City of London Police poses as a very respectable business man in his highly residential part of Norwood.

He leaves home in striped trousers and black coat, changes into rags in a tobacco shop, and appears on the kerb-side with a spinal "deformity."

A man caught by the Highgate police with £38 in notes strapped to his leg and 640 small coins in his pockets, proved to the desk officer that he had earned the notes honestly in fairly quick time.

It never occurred to him that a man who can earn an honest £38 should be the last person in the world to beg from poor people.

Another—the Hendon police know him well—learned the trick of blotting out his eyesight with a stiffening solution that held his eyes open rigidly.

For years his wife believed him to be a commercial traveller. He kissed her good-bye every morning and went out to his far-distant pitch.

It has been said that most of the beggars of the leading cities belong to one great organisation headed by a mysterious figure who, by undertaking to protect their pitches for a consideration, has become fabulously wealthy.

The truth, while not so sensational, is not a whit less interesting.

It is a fact that there are men in many parts of the country who earn [illegible] figure salaries by "looking after" gro[illegible] of thirty or forty beggars.

The most important part of th[illegible] work, however, is to collect money f[illegible] their clients every hour or so, in ca[illegible] search by the police should reveal a[illegible] stuffed pockets.

These "bankers" credit whate[illegible] money they collect to the accoun[illegible] each client and give him a fixed a[illegible] ance out of it each Saturday.

The people in the background w[illegible] manage to make most money out of [illegible] racket are the folk who fit beggars [illegible] to play their part in the street.

There are the people who hire [illegible] babies; two shillings a day for a brig[illegible] healthy-looking specimen; more for o[illegible] who wrings the heart to generosity.

But there are other tricks. F[illegible] instance, it has been found that a cr[illegible] old gramophone tied with string to [illegible] decrepit perambulator, and playi[illegible] some record so worn and scratched as [illegible] be almost unrecognisable, is a be[illegible] money-earner than the most mode[illegible] piano-organ.

IT is not easy to "design" [illegible] of those gramophone ou[illegible] That is specialised work [illegible] experts in heart appeal!

Then there is a market for dogs [illegible] shaggy-looking creature, calculated [illegible] melt a heart of stone, is hired out a[illegible] far bigger figure because of the sadn[illegible] of his eyes.

Oh, yes, there are "genuine" ca[illegible] among the begging fraternity. A f[illegible] Probably 2 per cent. at the very most.

But the man who is genuinely p[illegible] finds it a pretty poor game. Mon[illegible] comes slowly, and then only in penn[illegible] He isn't an expert in that particul[illegible] branch of psychology of which ev[illegible] professional beggar is a student.

Fines make heavy inroads on the l[illegible] he can pick up. But always the po[illegible] will get up and tell the magistrate th[illegible] his is a genuine case, that he turned [illegible] begging as a last resort—and sooner [illegible] later a chance of decent employme[illegible] will come along, and he will take it.

As for the 50,000 others, they do[illegible] want work. Begging is the only job th[illegible] understand. They are beggars who d[illegible] choosers.

And while the millions of small peop[illegible] with £20,000,000 a year to spend [illegible] charity continue to pour it into the [illegible] outstretched palm, they will continue [illegible] choose that career.

The Mystery Remedy fo

RHEUMATISM

What *is* this mystery remedy that rheuma[illegible] sufferers are so anxious to explain to each o[illegible] in the common object of ridding the world [illegible] rheumatism and all its pain and woe?

Boldly they proclaim that there are myst[illegible] ious curative elements in Fynnon Salt that w[illegible] in a magic way no other remedy has ever d[illegible]

Is it the Potassium, Sodium, Lithium, e[illegible] that are to be found in this composite [illegible] known to the public as Fynnon Salt? Wha[illegible] ever the explanation, there is no doubt as to [illegible] efficacy. From the highest in the land to [illegible] lowest—from eminent doctors to lowly suffer[illegible] the fame of Fynnon Salt in curing Rheumat[illegible] is universal.

If you have missed it so far, don't be with[illegible] it another day. Before many days ha[illegible] passed, you will be wondering where y[illegible] rheumatism has gone. "It's a mystery," you'll say.

Try Fynnon Salt, the mystery remedy [illegible] rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and l prove yourself that it's a mystery come true. Large tin 1/3d. from all chemists.

LEG ULCERS AND SKIN DISEASES ENDED

Why do you suffer so long?

HUNDREDS of sufferers from Leg Troubles and Skin Diseases are being cured by the National Infirmary at Manchester. The Treatment is available to you. If you suffer from a Bad Leg or Skin Disease or if you have a Relative or Friend who suffers and needs help, the National Infirmary will send you full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets, and plasters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.

It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

POWERFUL BLOOD TREATMENT THAT CURES

Blood treatment specially prescribed and compounded for you by the National Infirmary, rapidly expels impurities, promotes good circulation, relieves congestion, kills inward pains and restores health to every diseased tissue. With this great vitalizing power of the internal blood treatment, every nerve, every vein, every gland and every cell tissue gains new health and strength. Your leg is healed, your skin made well. Your general bodily health built up. You have new vigour, new health, more energy, and greater pleasure in life.

This Treatment specially prepared for you quickly clears ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, skin eruptions. Morbid matter and blood impurities come away. Re-infection of the blood, or poisoning of the tissues, is stopped. Healthy skin forms free from scale or scab, pain passes away, itchiness stops, smarting ceases and you get about in comfort all the time your trouble is being cured.

Here is the health opportunity you cannot afford to miss. These splendid cures are obtained daily by the National Infirmary Treatment. To have these grand health benefits you must, without delay, fill in your coupon for the free Medical Book and advice.

THE CAUSE OF ULCERS —AND THE CURE

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.

With Varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two-shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ECZEMA?

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities, Insect bites, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Soaps—as with laundry workers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set up an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

Leg Psoriasis

PSORIASIS you must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years. A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are indeed most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

This powerful treatment, specially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new, clean, healthy skin is obtained The treatment is easy to use, and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage.

Perhaps you have a constant heaviness and aching in your legs. Sometimes actual pain is experienced and the legs feel tired and uncomfortable. These symptoms show that your legs require thorough and proper treatment now. Your leg trouble arises from faulty blood circulation. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free Illustrated Book now. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National Infirmary, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.*

If you suffer you should have advice from the infirmary at once.

Plate A.—Ulcer caused by a knock. Swelling occurs at the back of the leg leading to sluggish blood circulation and congestion. Ulcer is on the track of a large vein and there is great internal blood pressure. Treatment to relieve the blood pressure, promote good circulation and a healthy condition of the blood required. If you have the same leg trouble you too can be cured. Send for the book and learn how.

Plate B.—Varicose Veins, Eczema and Ulcer. Due to Weak Veins, Poor Blood and Congestion of Tissue. The dark patch shown on plate is usually brown or purple in colour. Black spots appear on the skin. These are small clots of unhealthy blood thrown out from the capillary veins. The leg feels heavy and is easily tired. The blood does not circulate freely to the ulcer unless proper and thorough Treatment is applied. Under the National Infirmary Treatments hundreds of serious leg ulcers as shown have been soundly and permanently cured. You cannot afford to neglect your opportunity now. Write for the Book.

Plate A. Plate B.

Leg troubles yield to the National Infirmary Treatment

Fill in Coupon for Free Medical Book.

VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK — FREE

This book has been written to help you. A free copy and full particulars of the Treatment will be sent to you by the National Infirmary.

FILL IN YOUR COUPON NOW.

In this valuable medical book, specially written by Experts, the causes of leg troubles and skin diseases are clearly explained in a plain, straightforward way. There are no confusing and hard-to-understand technical terms. You will learn why you have a bad leg and how skin diseases arise. The book is interesting and useful. It is written specially for those with leg troubles and skin complaints and contains valuable information and sound advice and help. It tells how to have the National Infirmary advice, how to obtain the National Infirmary Treatment, how the Treatment is applied, how it is carried out at home, and tells you how leg and skin troubles are cured. Remember, the book will cost you nothing.

Do not fail to send for your copy to-day. Only a limited edition of the book is to be distributed free. The books are for sufferers only. If you suffer or if you know of others who suffer, a copy of the book will be sent to you. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon and post it to

The National Infirmary, Ward B.L., Gt. Clowes St., Broughton, MANCHESTER.

You will then receive the Book and all particulars of the Treatment by return of post.

THIS BOOK GIVES VITAL FACTS ON

- Blood and its circulation.
- How ulcers form.
- How ulcers heal.
- How to know a genuine cure.
- False Healing and True Healing.
- What to get for your leg
- Effects of long standing
- Why rest does not cure.
- How to kill pain.
- How to know when your leg is cured, etc., etc.

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE NATIONAL INFIRMARY,

Ward B.L.,

Great Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER.

Please send your valuable medical book and full particulars of the Treatment free of charge.

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New Hair or "No Cost" OFFER TO READERS

BY means of a wonderful discovery by a leading British Hair specialist, every one from the twenties to the eighties can secure a good head of natural coloured hair.

Doctors and Hair Specialists have been amazed at the marvellous cases in which people, bald for years, some of them even in the nineties, have grown new hair by the use of Renair Pomade, the unfailing success of which alone makes possible this unique "Hair or Money Back" offer.

If your hair is weak, lacking in lustre, commencing to thin at temples or crown, or even if you have been quite bald for years, obtain from your Chemist or Hairdresser, Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., a 3/- carton of

FREDERICK GODFREY'S
RENAIR POMADE

(use one only, if not satisfied, return empty tin to Mr. Godfrey and your 3/- will be refunded.

LADIES and men also will find in the companion non-greasy preparation RENAIR ANTISEPTIC STIMULATING HAIR TONIC—also sold by Chemists and Hairdressers at 1/9 per bottle) under similar guarantee of "Satisfaction or Money Back"—a speedy, certain method whereby the hair is endowed with a new growth of healthy, natural and colourful luxuriance.

THOSE WHO ARE GREY

should use RENI KLOR, the Grey Hair Remedy, 3/- per bottle. Same money-back guarantee applies.

If any difficulty in obtaining either preparation, write at once to F. Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock Derbyshire.

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bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
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ENSURE internal cleanliness by this safe, easy and effective way. Take "Innerclean" Herbal Laxative—Nature's cure at its best. It's use now will save much trouble later on, and you can try and test it absolutely FREE! All you need do is to clip out the coupon on p. 18, add your name and full postal address, attach twopence in stamps to cover postage and post to Messrs. Brooks and Warburton, Ltd., Dept. I., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. A Free Packet of "Innerclean" will come by return. Tear out and send the Coupon NOW!

● FROM OUR READERS

All Eyes On The Potato!

Back To Church—And Why

Beer And Battleships

POTATO-GROWERS rub their hands with oily satisfaction at the rising price of their produce, and the Potato Marketing Board pats itself on the back at having accomplished this.

For the consumers there is only dismay. Not only do they pay much more, but the potatoes being sold are mostly pitted and diseased.

Often one half of a large potato has to be cut away to make it fit for the table.—A. H. SIMMONS, St. Albans.

Price and quality of potato supplies is the most common subject of protest by readers in their letters this week.

Shabby Reward

A RATES debtor came to me in my official capacity and asked the latest time when arrears could be paid.

"The day before your furniture is distrained on," I told him.

"Thanks very much," said the man. He must have meant it.

He carried out a moonlight flitting on the night before the date I had supplied. —F. W KEEP, Clerk to the Cam Council, Woodfield, Glos.

No wonder the founts of official kindness dry up.

Personality—Piety

THERE was no increase at all in the attendances at the local churches a week after the Archbishop of Canterbury's "Recall to Religion" radio appeal.

But the following week—last Sunday —one of the churches in the district was crowded out at every service and 90 per cent. of the congregation was women.

A tall, pipe-smoking young Adonis—a bachelor—has just become the incumbent.—P. D. CHINN, Ewell, Surrey.

Don't cavil. All for the best.

Simplicity

WHY are women so dishonest with words?

Last week a girl friend showed me a poem she had written and asked my opinion of it. She urged me to give an honest one. As I thought it was poor stuff, I said so.

She hasn't spoken to me since.

Not long before, I played tennis with another girl and contrived to allow her to beat me. She said she knew I had allowed her to win and demanded that I should play my normal game. I did so.

After the set and beating, she walked off, and although I see her every day she now refuses to recognise me.—ALBERT SINGER, Sheffield.

We deleted from Mr. Singer's letter the information that he is nineteen.

Feline

FOUR young women in the company at a party I attended last night were discussing an absent acquaintance —wondering what men could see in her, deploring her taste in dress and so on.

The twelve-year-old son of the house left the room unobtrusively. He returned carrying a saucer of milk, which he placed on the hearthrug at the feet of the four slanderers.—MARY SHIPTON, King's Heath, Birmingham.

A kindergarten lesson is often more effective than an eloquent sermon.

No Redress

TWICE in three weeks I have asked in shops to be supplied with articles from the window and been refused. Both times I was offered a similar article at a higher price.

Cannot a shopper legally demand goods exhibited at the price shown?—MRS L. GREAVES, Belmont Hill, Lewisham, S.E.

No. Display and Pricing do not make a contract of sale.

The Domestic Sum

MUSING over to-day's events in the home, I worked out the household tasks I have performed since I was married twenty-nine years ago.

I find that in that time I have:
Baked 13,000 loaves.
Cooked 4,000 joints.
Cleaned 4,500 windows.
Dusted 24,000 flights of stairs.
Made 40,000 beds
Prepared 43,000 meals.
Cleaned 30,000 rooms.
Washed up 500,000 dishes.

—MRS. AMY SHARPE, Gilegate Moor, Durham.

A Preserve

AT the age of seventy-eight, may I pass on a recipe which I have tested well? It is:

Select some sound hearts. Be careful not to bruise them with unfeeling words.

Take milk of human kindness—one heartful. And plenty of tact. Warm the mixture with sympathy, but do not allow it to get too hot at first lest it ferment mischief.

Knead with oil of unselfishness to make all smooth Beware of jars; keep in a warm corner of the heart.—MRS. MEYNELL, Bispham, Blackpool.

Time should improve the flavour of friendships thus preserved.

Beer Qualms

COULD you please say if there is any foundation for a report which seems to be current everywhere that the next Budget will impose an extra penny on the pint of beer?—JOHN HEAD, Mount Pleasant, Gowerton, Swansea.

Only intelligent anticipation that the country will be asked to drink enough to float a battleship.

Hum on Honeymoon

YESTERDAY I left London on my honeymoon in my own car.

A number of times when I slowed down on the journey I thought I detected a most obnoxious effluvium. It became worse the farther we went.

I drove to a garage, where the mechanic could find nothing wrong with the engine. Then he raised the floor-boards

and found the exhaust pipe festooned with kippers.

I feel I must protest against such foolery.—GERALD DAVENPORT, on honeymoon at Torquay.

Smiling Age

I AM only twenty-four and often wonder what it feels like to be old.

My mother is sixty-eight She appears to be happy. All the large family she has brought up confides in her and she wipes away our troubles as only the kindest of mothers can.

She is always smiling . . . but sometimes an indefinable expression comes over to her features. Then, I wonder, is she regretting the passing years and longing for youth again?—Miss F. ASPEN, St. John's Terrace, Baxenden, Accrington.

Most likely she is only thinking how trifling your problems are compared with those she has had to solve.

Dastardly

I AM writing this with one eye closed.

The reason compels me to demand prohibition of mop-shaking at windows by housewives.

A mop pops out of a window, is spun like a catherine-wheel, and germs and dirt shower on passers-by. Few women look out first or give warning.

I have been a victim three times in the past month.—"HALF BLIND," Union Road, Lincoln.

Women will get in the public eye.

Insurance Paradox

IT is now clear that Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health, intends to make an attack on the cash benefits paid to disabled workers under National Health Insurance.

This must be resisted.

At present the wives of disabled insured workers have to depend on a domestic income of 7s. 6d. weekly from benefit, but if the husbands die they receive widow's pension of 10s. weekly—S. J. AYRTON, Padiham, Burnley.

It is actually the case that, financially, a disabled man is worth more to his wife dead than alive.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

She was always In Dread

"Owing to a great shock I suffered through the sudden death of my mother, my nerves were shattered," states Mrs. E. Torvill, of 25, Torbay Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. "I was in a terrible state, and steadily grew worse. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, and lost weight rapidly. I was utterly depressed and always in a state of dread.

"I read about Dr. Williams pink pills and decided to try them. The result was marvellous; by the time I had taken two boxes of the pills I was like a different woman. I now sleep well, and awake feeling fresh and vigorous. I enjoy my meals and have regained all my lost weight. My friends now say I look only half my age—and that's how I feel."

Dr. Williams brand pink pills have proved a priceless boon to thousands of weak, depressed women; because they actually create new, rich blood, which quickly banishes anæmia and weakness, strengthens the nerves and gives new life and energy to the whole system. So if you are a victim of ill-health, let nothing prevent you from trying these pills; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but be sure ask for Dr. Williams.

Changeable weather gets at your throat but Allenburys Pastilles allay irritation keeping the throat clear and the voice sweet and resonant.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8° & 1/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES for your Throat

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

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OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 5.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. £4.17.6

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. M. of Ryton writes:—"I have now had the opportunity to run the 5.3 Set . . . and I have nothing but high praise for the wonderful results obtained. I have had demonstrations by acts that this Set surpassed them for clarity and sweetness of tone."

Mr. C. W. C. of Tenbury Wells, writes:—"I must thank you for such a lovely Set. I . . . feel that I have never heard a better one. You are to be congratulated on a Set like this at such a low price."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

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Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. Unknown to you, weak Kidneys may be the real cause of your Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Bladder Trouble, Headaches, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Your life may be in danger. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex) from any chemist. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new health and vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty packet. Get Cystex to-day.

"JOHN BULL" is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST.

IF YOU HAVE NOT SIGNED FOR SAFETY FILL UP THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT.

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/1/37.

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/1/37

LIFE PENSION AND FORTUNE WON IN X-WORD No. 45

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 45 the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 40) were those submitted by :—

Mrs. W. Strelling, 735, Hessle Road, Hull

who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive £6 Monthly for Life and £600 Cash, or a lump sum of £850 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, January 19, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 26 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £3 17s. 0d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

With each cash Prize one of the famous "John Bull" Giant New Year Hampers will be awarded.

A 40-week X-word Season Ticket will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we received two sixpenny entries in the same envelope.

FENNINGS' Children's Powders

HAPPY BABY HAPPY MOTHER

Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

70 YEARS REPUTATION

SOLD IN BOXES - 1/3 & 3/-

Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

SKIN DISEASES

Amazing New Discovery

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send For Free Sample!

How and why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with a generous Free Sample, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!

The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd., (Dept. 15.A.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

POISONED SYSTEM AND RHEUMATISM

Mr. FOSTER, 40 Hill Street, Cobridge, Stoke-on-Trent, writes :—"I was suffering from a Poisoned System caused through assisting to make Poison Gas for the war. This developed into Rheumatism. I was reduced to 7 st. 8 lbs., was a complete wreck, and thought it only a matter of time with me. A friend advised me to take Vitadatio, and thank God I heard of it, for it made me a new man. I now weigh 11 st. 6 lbs., can walk miles, and feel better than I ever did."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors and most Chemists and Stores. 2/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.) Special £1/- bottles for export only, post free.

From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Granny Aged 63 and Sonny Aged 5 Both Cured by Venos

COUGHS CURED LIKE LIGHTNING

VENOS LIGHTNING BRAND COUGH CURE

Stopped Granny's BRONCHITIS

And Sonny's NASTY COUGH

The Family Remedy for COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS CATARRH WHEEZING SHORTNESS OF BREATH WHOOPING COUGH

Clapham.

"Dear Sirs: My mother aged 63 has had Bronchitis for years. Nothing would touch it. Then, when my little son aged 5 contracted a nasty cough, I got some VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE. So quickly did it stop his cough that I gave some to Mother. The result was amazing. It cleared her chest and her cough has gone. So I thank you for the way VENOS not only cured my son but also his 'Granny.'"

Signed Mrs. Brophy.

However deep-seated your cough may be try VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE AT ONCE. VENOS acts "like lightning"... soothing, easing and freeing the chest and lungs from nasty phlegm. VENOS also arrests the development of dangerous germs, and therefore brings chest SAFETY

CURES YOUR COUGH OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

ACCEPT THIS OFFER

Get a bottle of VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE to-day. If you are not satisfied with the results return empty Carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester 16, & your money will be refunded instantly.

Obtainable Everywhere 11½d., 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle.

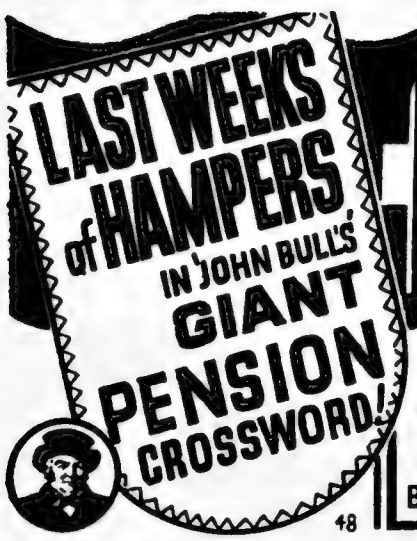
INSTANT RELIEF FROM PILES

Few complaints cause more pain and distress than Piles. Apart from the physical disability, there is always the mental strain of endeavouring to keep the trouble secret as long as possible. Sufferers will not frankly seek advice for Piles as they would for other ailments, yet it is such a simple matter to cure the trouble easily and painlessly in the privacy of one's own home. The MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE—a doctor's formula—will instantly relieve the pain and irritation of swollen piles. Its soothing action will reduce protrusions, check hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how bad the condition.

Mr. P. Hale, of 31, Bradley St., Cardiff, writes :—"I have much pleasure in reporting a complete recovery after using your MAGIC PILE CURE. Words cannot praise this wonderful remedy enough. I had suffered from Piles for two years, had tried everything, and spent pounds trying to get ease from my suffering—all without result. Now, within three weeks of trying your MAGIC PILE CURE all pain and swelling has gone. It is hardly credible, unless one has suffered from rectal trouble, to appreciate what your cure has done for me in so short a time. It is, as you claim, a 'magic' cure for all rectal troubles, so easy, clean and dependable. I consider it worth its weight in gold."

The MAGIC PILE CURE has been used and recommended for more than 25 years; there is nothing "just as good" for the treatment of internal, external, blind and bleeding piles. It relieves where all else fails. For a generous FREE SAMPLE send a postcard to :

MAGIC LABORATORIES, MN16, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.



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£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a special Surprise Award to be posted Wed., Feb 3

HUGE 10-IN-1 HAMPER

WITH EACH PRIZE OF £1 OR OVER

NOTE NEW CLOSING DATE SAT. JAN. 23

PRESENTED on this page is the forty-eighth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Litt., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

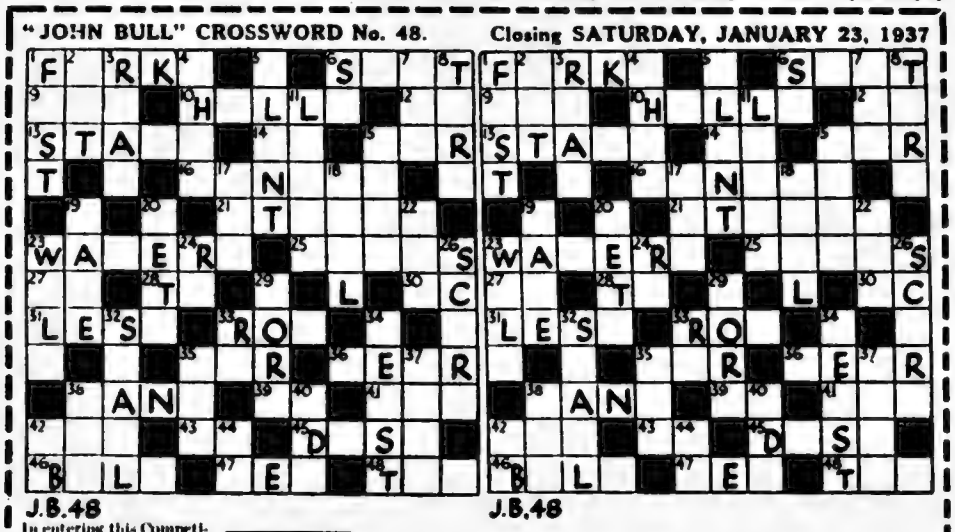
Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 4, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 43. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 48, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 48. Closing SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1937



J.B.48 J.B.48

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

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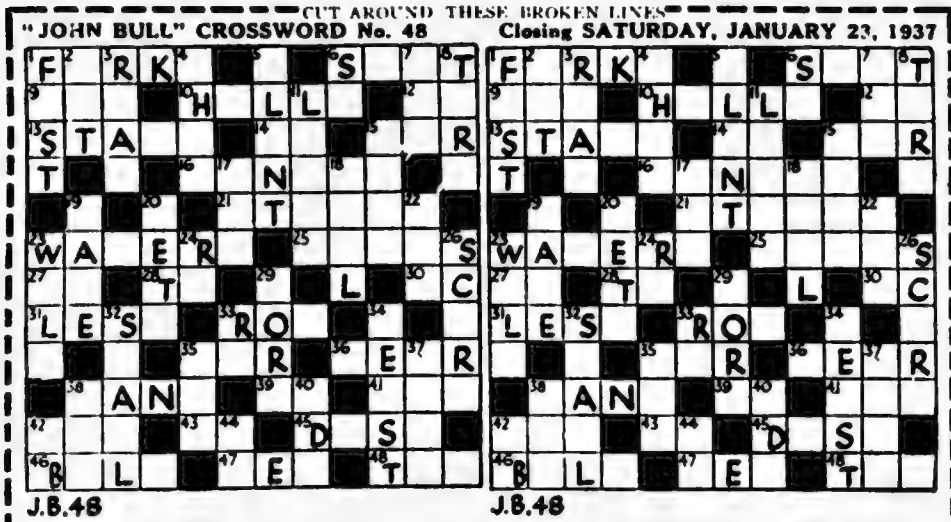
CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 48 Closing SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1937



J.B.48 J.B.48

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

HUGE BIRTHDAY OFFER COMING!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 23.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry Square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 4. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, February 9, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the first prize be shared, £900 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLUES ACROSS

1. These go with knives at dinner-time
6. Bad one may affect billiards player's game
9. Rare in fires
10. Where it's hard to get to the top
12. Middle part of revues
13. Few know what goes on behind the scenes of this
14. Ends of arena
15. Vehicle in Picardy
16. Belonging to Denmark
21. Little river
23. People often get into very deep water with these
25. Fruit —and disliked by schoolboys
27. First half of atom
28. Bit of stone in potato
30. How topis begins and ends in Dutch
31. Not so much in lesson
33. Fishing often means this for angler
35. Title of a baronet
36. Experts can tell much about this from its head
38. Reservoir for water or oil
39. Act in Mikado
41. Flying crack and good card
42. Be ill
43. Old-fashioned you
45. Chicken makes this at meal times
46. Different kinds of this convey different things in factories
47. Where you go to sleep at night
48. Best cars go very slowly in this

CLUES DOWN

1. Clenched hand
2. Leisure object
3. You gather a harvest through being able to do this
4. Outhouse
5. You don't expect one on a tennis court
6. Steamship, in short
7. Beginning of ovation
8. Has to put up with a good deal of criticism
11. Scottish squire
15. Trivial talk in Chatham
17. Patient animal
18. Fire-breathing sea animal
19. This is often a fixture
20. Seaside landlady usually does, in the summer
22. Encountered
23. Naturalist often finds something interesting in one in country
24. Common to rook and robin
26. Erratic bowler gives to opposing team
29. If you're bound by this it may cause uneasiness
32. Theatre manager watches such bookings anxiously
33. Begins richly
34. One shouldn't be allowed to get wild
35. Where star twinkles
37. This throws your voice back
38. Worn with a collar
40. Unusual
42. Able seaman
44. In debt and rebuffed

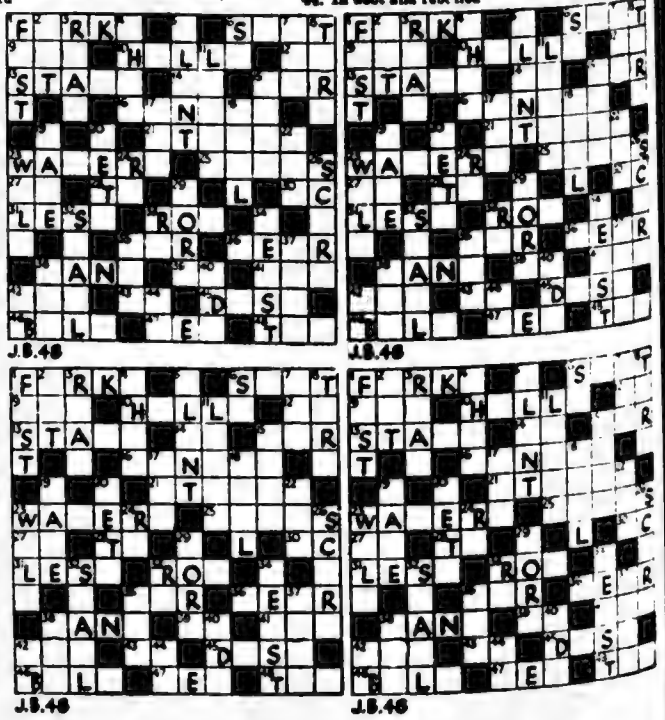
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



J.B.48 J.B.48 J.B.48 J.B.48

X-WORD No. 45

J.B.45

Winners on page 39

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using £500 Bonus Coupon on page 43.

The Editor Laughs Last

F. M. (Margate).—"Try to cultivate a cheerful and open expression." But it is difficult to do both simultaneously when the man in the white coat flourishes the forceps.

WATCHMAKER (Birmingham).—"My most reliable timekeeper is an old 'turnip' watch well over a hundred years old." One of the old-timers.

F. N. (Esher).—"What have Germany, Italy and Austria up their sleeves?" Arms.

S. N. (Plymouth).—"People get married early in Sweden." It's a great match-making country.

A. Y. M. (Bude).—"A good wrestler waits his opportunity and then . . ." Seizes it with both hands!

E. G. (Smithfield).—"Incorrect stamping on eggs is all wrong." You mean they won't stand it.

A. A. (Burnley).—"A woman will stand at a counter for hours; no man would do that." Except at a bar.

MISS (Cheltenham).—"The keynote of women's evening wear is simplicity." Bare simplicity?

ARTFUL (Malvern).—"She said that she means to marry me, but I think if I give her enough rope she will hang herself." Or tie you up!

A. B. (Lexden).—"As he had fallen on hard times I lighted my cigar with his promissory note." You made light of his promises.

POLITICIAN (Westminster).—"Britain is the supreme nation because she is an island." Yes, no other country can touch her.

K. R. (Runcorn).—"If a person falls through the ice when skating, a ladder is very handy." No it isn't—the nearest is usually a mile or so away.

G. N. (Micklethorpe).—"Somebody sent me a bottle of cherries in brandy for Christmas." No doubt you appreciated the spirit in which the gift was sent.

HUNTSMAN (Bucks).—"When I go to the cleaning fetch in riding habit my mare doesn't mind a bit." So doubtless you put one between her teeth.

TAILOR (London, N.).—"My most difficult customer is a very fat man." But we suppose you manage to get round him.

SHOP ASSISTANT (Hackney).—"A customer was very offensive to me and after a few words he gave me a black eye." Early closing.

R. O. (Langport).—"I did not want my wife to know that I had a bottle of whisky in my case, but the cork was not tight, and it soaked my clothes." So it leaked out after all?

JIM (Stamford).—"Unknown to me, my cousin borrowed one of my ties, but when I met him in the street I recognised it immediately." Obviously it was spotted.

MISS R. (Eastbourne).—"Because by his treatment the specialist could not reduce my weight as much as he guaranteed, he made a lower charge than usual." Anyway, he took something off the bill.

E. L. (Tring).—"A new type of wristwatch is one-eighth of an inch thick and is made of the lightest aluminium." Just the thing for people who don't like time hanging heavily on their hands.

"SCRATCH MAN" (St. Andrews).—"I understand that three English and two Scots golf clubs confess to being in a muddle as to when a golfer should give warning to players in front." On the question of "Fore!" the five are at sixes and sevens, eh?

F. B. (Peacehaven).—"Where is all the nudist chatter now?" In the teeth.

A. B. (Seaton).—"I was once chased by a ghost." Did it give you a start?

S. N. V. M. (Frome).—"Is there a game that is all square and above board?" Draughts.

S. N. V. (Colindale).—"Children don't know the old fairy tales." Little-read Riding Hood.

F. N. (Hendon).—"Fruit can't be a square meal." What about pineapple chunks?

S. B. (Jarrow).—"The present fashion is for shorter honeymoons." But more of them.

BOXER (Blackheath).—"I've made my money a little at a time." Scrap by scrap, in fact.

A. C. (Cricklewood).—"There wasn't a wild beast in the show." Then it must have been tame.

"Fer 'eaven's sake, can't yer steal jam without leavin' yer fingerprints everywhere?"
(From "The Passing Show")

TED (Camberwell).—"I was in the thick of a darts tournament. . . ." You mean in the throws of it.

S. N. (Coventry).—"They wouldn't speak to me when I met them in London." So you were sent to Coventry?

CORA (Brighton).—"He finished up by saying he could read me like a book, and then left me." On the shelf?

VARIETY STAR (Balham).—"I am a lightning sketch artist and a crack shot with a revolver." Quick on the draw?

S. N. (Kidderminster).—"I read of a famous juggler who was once a City clerk." He started by balancing books.

OLD SOLDIER (Cheltenham).—"I could convey my opinion of the month of February in two words." Quick march?

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

A. T. J. (Dundee).—"Convicts are better treated nowadays." They are still, however, barred from many pleasures.

B. J. (Clacton).—"Three tins of snuff were stolen from my shop last night." Pinched before its time?

S. Y. (Barnes).—"My wife now insists upon taking up riding." Thus saddling you with more worries?

MRS. T. (Bury).—"I always cut my coat according to my cloth." And your neighbour according to her coat?

INSTRUCTOR (Cornwall).—"I've never known my pupils so keen to learn ballet-dancing." They're on their toes, then.

S. T. (Fowey).—"Don't you agree that a good many modern books leave a nasty flavour?" It's largely a question of taste.

C. N. (N. Devon).—"As a farmer, I regard my barometer as a faithful friend." It is with you in all ups and downs.

OPEN-AIR (Chertsey).—"I'm afraid that my trip to Switzerland to enjoy ski-ing will mean neglecting my business." So that will go downhill, too.

CHORUS (London, S.).—"The leading lady quarrelled with the producer." We suppose all you girls are willing to take her part.

P. G. (Windsor).—"My dog ran away because I trod on his tail, and I haven't seen him since." That was the end of him.

TELEVISOR (Bolton).—"In the future, a man will be able to ring up from his club and see his wife answering him." And he may even want to do it, too.

R. J. (Sevenoaks).—"My doctor says that my rheumatism is entirely due to the large amount of lime in the water." That's hard.

R. K. (Elstree).—"A heap of treasury notes was placed at the bottom of the deep hole. The idea was to make an actor jump down into the depths, which one immediately did." He fell for it!

B. K. (Frome).—"Hammond's name will live in cricket history." Good for centuries?

N. P. (Epping).—"In my opinion, classical dancing is irritating and boring." A ballet nuisance, so to speak?

B. E. (Exeter).—"I know one big game hunter who never exerts himself." He takes the lion of least resistance?

J. S. (Westmorland).—"In my opinion the lake outside my home is a quarter of a mile deep." This is mere surmise.

T. F. S. (Hampstead).—"Old paintings are sound investments." They are certainly gilt-edged, as a rule.

OLD-TIMER (Kenton).—"My wife and I pinched for years after we got married." You ought to have known better.

A. M. (Manchester).—"A wayward husband will always be found out by his wife." For the simple reason that she'll never find him at home.

G. H. (Romford).—"I had my head read by a phrenologist the other day, but I'm certain there's nothing in it." Frank fellow!

PUZZLED (Pannal).—"I looked into the bar mirror and, to my horror, saw two reflections of myself there." One double too many?

T. M. C. (Nunhead).—"My wife says she's generally a better judge of things than I am." Try proving she's wrong by entering with her for that great new £1,500 test of judgment on page 42. If she turns out better and wins a big cheque, why worry?

N. S. (Staines).—"Although the house had been shut up since I went away a year before, it was almost as clean as when I left it. What do you think of that?" Not so dusty!

WAITER (Bournemouth).—"I can always distinguish the people who are unused to dining out by the way they take their soup." It is obvious that they are making a splash?

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SHEFFIELD DAILY INDEPENDENT: "—— stood by with a knowing GIN on his face."

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:—". . . on going to answer it he heard a PLAINTIFF voice."

ISLE OF MAN TIMES: "The FLAMES burst into flames at once and a house caught alight also."

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR: ". . . who was suffering from cuts and CRUISES in a relatively slight degree."

BRIGHTON AND HOVE HERALD: ". . . by the Provincial Lodge of Past Grands of the Independent Order of OLD Fellows."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"Do not overtire yourself with this at first, as it is fairly severe on SHABBY muscles."

THE JOURNAL (LEIGH): "Are you looking for a gift for son, husband, brother, sweetheart, or any male? Then you cannot do better than inspect —— extensive SOCK."

Keep off the Sick List

Weak Kidneys cause Backache Rheumatism Sciatica Lumbago Urinary Disorder

TO ESCAPE the harmful effects of weak or sluggish kidney action it is wise to take Doans Backache Kidney Pills without delay. This special kidney medicine stimulates the action of the delicate kidneys, so that harmful poisons and waste are filtered away. Pains in the back, bladder weakness, disturbed nights, stiff muscles and joints and swollen limbs, nerve pains, and other kidney troubles will vanish when rich pure blood is again nourishing the system. Men and women alike can take Doans Pills with confidence. Their merit is proved by the published testimony of 50,000 grateful users.

Get rid of Kidney Troubles.
Ask Your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-
DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'
Phensic For 'FLU

THERE'S no reason to fear INFLUENZA *this* winter! There's no need to dread the awful consequences of infection which in many cases has meant life-long debility, headaches, a weak heart and painful stiff joints. With the discovery of Phensic SCIENCE HAS NOW TRIUMPHED!

QUICKEST & SAFEST

Quickly and safely PHENSIC breaks up the worst attack of 'Flu. These wonderful tablets bring down your high temperature, stop shivering fits, banish aches and pains in head and limbs in a few minutes, and free you from terrible depression and ALL dangerous after-effects.

Phensic is safe for children, for the elderly, and even for heart cases. Be convinced by a personal trial. Don't put it off. Ask your chemist NOW for Phensic.

A DOSE A DAY KEEPS 'FLU AWAY!

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand
FROM ALL CHEMISTS:
3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

"JOHN BULL" KICKS OFF IN HIS GREAT NEW "BULLETS FOOTBALL" CONTEST!

£1,500

£1,250 FIRST PRIZE

£250 SECOND PRIZE

ENTER ON COUPON BELOW!

CASH MUST BE WON

MIGHTY FORTUNE FOR 12 DECISIONS

COMPETITION history is made to-day—and JOHN BULL is making it, as usual! Here before you is the first sensational Offer in "*Bullets* Football," a fascinating test of your skill and judgment in which the huge sum of £1,500 in solid cash MUST BE WON.

For the past five years, "*Bullets* Football" has been exclusively for readers of *Bullets Bulletin*, with £30 in prize-money. But now that all JOHN BULL readers are able to enter, the First Prize has soared to the astounding sum of £1,250 cash and the fine sum of £250 has been set aside for Second Prize.

Devote a few minutes to considering carefully the merits of the winning *Bullets* below and, before the New Year is much older, you may well find your pockets full of "*Bullets* Football" cash. Make an extra effort and there is no reason, indeed, why an outright victory should not bring that four-figure First Prize fortune to you!

All you have to do is to compare the merits of each pair of winning *Bullets* below and mark your decisions in the columns provided. You have no *Bullets* to make up; this is solely a test of your skill in summing up the good points of a dozen pairs of successful efforts of the past.

* * *

Read carefully the simple directions and rules given on this page. Then start judging the winners, remembering that your completed "*Bullets* Football" entry for this gigantic £1,500 Offer must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, January 30.

THE WAY TO WIN

RULE No. 2 on this page clearly explains the way to win in this fascinating test of skill. But as an illustration of how to set about your markings of 1, 2 or X on Coupon below let us suppose that, instead of considering any of the 12 pairs of *Bullets* here given, you were weighing up this pair of efforts upon which to give a decision regarding their comparative merit:

BELOW THE BELT—"VACANCY"—WANTED, GOOD EMPLOYER.

(v.)

LOOKING FOR AN OPENING—ANY KIND—ANYBODY KIND?

At first you might be struck by the ingenious introduction of the double-meaning word "Vacancy" to link with the first Example. Consideration of the second *Bullet*, however, might suggest that even more meritorious was the manner in which the second effort's meaning was expressed in striking and original phrasing, the full force of which strikes you reading the *Bullet* aloud. Reviewing the two again, you might well decide that the second effort is more clever, apt and original than the first, so that your marking would accordingly be "2."

In the same way you have now to consider the comparative merits of the "rival" *Bullets* in the 12 "*Bullets* Football Matches" below and then go ahead with the markings, which may well bring you £1,250 cash.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

(1) JOHN BULL offers a First Prize of £1,250 cash to entrant of most meritorious column of 12 markings received in this test of skill at judging *Bullets*. Second Prize of £250 to entrant next in order of merit. Prizes concerned equally divided in event of ties.

(2) The markings to be made are these: Insert "1" in space provided where you consider the first of the two *Bullets* printed is more meritorious than the second; insert "2" if you consider the second of the two *Bullets* is the more meritorious; insert "X" if you consider the two *Bullets* equal in merit.

Standard of merit by which all entries are to be judged will be the 12 markings decided upon by the Committee of *Bullets* experts, each of whom has been engaged on *Bullets* adjudication for five years or more. When Competition has closed, this Committee will arrive at the 12 most meritorious possible markings by bringing their experience to bear on the problem before competitors, carefully considering and discussing the relative merit of *Bullets* concerned, particularly in regard to their cleverness, aptness and originality.

(3) Markings must be made in ink (not copying ink or copying ink pencil) on coupon provided, and each column must consist of 12 such markings—"1," "2" or "X." Should any markings be omitted, be not legible, or altered, or not given in ink, whole column concerned will be disqualified, as will all columns on any mutilated coupon. No responsibility will be accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

For one or two columns, entry-fee is P.O. value SIXPENCE; for three or four columns P.O. 1s.; for five or six columns, P.O. 1s. 6d.; for seven or eight columns, entry fee is P.O. value TWO SHILLINGS.

Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon coupon. Entry must be sent by post, not by hand, and may not be enclosed with coupon for any other Competition. Coupons accepted only if received by JOHN BULL not later than Saturday, January 30, and addressed:—

"*Bullets* Football" No. 1,
30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2
(COMP.).

(4) Entries are accepted only on the condition that the Expert Committee's findings regarding the most meritorious markings and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is regarded as final and legally binding. Committee's decision regarding 12 most meritorious markings will be provided with *Bullets Bulletin*, despatched (to all who have reserved a copy) during week ending Saturday, February 6 and in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 11; winners will appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 18.

(5) Should any entrant not announced as a First Prize-winner or sharer believe that he entered a coupon eligible for share of First Prize, Scrutiny must be demanded in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the £250 award and entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final.

(6) Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification and employes of Odhams Press Limited and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTER ON THIS COUPON

£1,500 MUST BE WON

"BULLETS FOOTBALL" No. 1. Closing Saturday, January 30.

MARK 1, 2 OR X IN SPACES BELOW

making decisions as instructed in Rules—you can use 2, 4, 6 or all 8 columns as you wish

In The Dark Ages—We Are—We Was! (V) In The Past—Didn't Dwell—Did Well	A	
Left To Me—Speech—Speech Leaves Me (V) Powerful Weapon—We'd Prefer Weaponless Powers	B	
Climbing The Tree—Aspidistra—Privet—Shrubbery—Park (V) Not Big Enough—Flat—Villa—Mansion—Cell	C	
Job I'd Like—I *Hated* And Lost (V) Job Worth Having—Usually Job Unworthy Have	D	
On Commission—Less Than The *Dustman* (V) Modern Workman—Up With The *Clerk*	E	
Her Romance—Never Died—He Did (V) "Yes"—Or "No" Ends Romance	F	
If Animals Could Speak—Fido's Mistress Asked Medium (V) At The Seance—"Hic!"—Widow, "That's John!"	G	
Next Best—"*Heroes* Fitted For *Land*" (V) One Day—*Playing Fields* Wanting *Children*	H	
What Henpeck Said—Showed Thought—Not Thoughts (V) Mixed Jury—Paying Attentions—Not Attention	I	
In Nature's Kingdom—Doesn't Console Underpaid Ploughman (V) Sons Of The Soil—Hungry—Turn *That* Over	J	
In Our House—Everything "Falls On" Father (V) Making For Home—Father's Often "Held Up"	K	
Husband Shortage—Wise Girl "Accepts Situation" (V) Too Many Girls—Tragedy To Many Girls	L	

	2 Cols.	4 Cols.	6 Cols.	8 Cols.
	6d.	1s.	1s. 6d.	2s.

ENTRY FEE For TWO COLUMNS Enclose P.O. Value ... ... 6d.
" FOUR " " " ... ... 1s.
" SIX " " " ... ... 1s. 6d.
" EIGHT " " " ... ... 2s.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No.....in respect of entry-fee as directed and agree to abide by all rules and conditions

Closing Saturday, January 30

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Cut round this line

Address Entry: "Bullets Football" No. 1, 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NO WAITING!

Special arrangements have been made for the Expert Committee's decisions in this "*Bullets* Football" Contest No. 1 to be enclosed with *Bullets Bulletin* dated February 6, to be received by readers who have reserved a copy only a few days after the close of the Competition. The decisions will also appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 11.

* * *

To get the news of each "*Bullets* Football" Contest at the earliest possible moment, register at once for *Bullets Bulletin*, using the £500 Bonus Coupon on opposite page.

VETERAN'S VICTORY

DESIGNING buildings has been life work of Mr. F. J. Ware Warrior Square, Southend-on reports a JOHN BULL man. In his time he builds up neat *Bullets*, and New Year's Day, a gay "Greetings gram brought him JOHN BULL'S lations on completing a First Prize

It was in our 1,056th Contest that veteran competitor topped the pri His was the timely and well-consid *Bullet*, MUZZLED—UNDER-DOG—DRIV "SEAT" SAFER!

"I first started entering before war," this £500 winner told me photograph taken, we settled down chat. "I was unfit for army serv they kept me too busy on munitions to make any *Bullets* for JOHN BULL eventually I took them up again have entered regularly—after all clearly the best way to get the a Competition.

"We have been married for 26 he went on, "and I can honestly haven't had a single tiff! My wife best assistant in *Bullets* and I every effort I make to her judgment

"Of course I take *Bullets Bulletin*," Mr. Winter said finally. "I find that ing it regularly helps one to keep proper *Bullets* atmosphere."

* * *

Although plain "E. Cooke" appeared the Second Prize-winner's coupon turned out to be a woman entrant had captured the fine prize of £25 a Radio Gramophone in this Contest.

She is Mrs. E. Cooke, 8, Johnson St Norwich, and her winning effort was neat and thoughtful *Bullet*, Book LIFE—"PASSPORT" ENTERING "GREAT KINGDOM."

Like the First Prize-winner, Mrs Co started entering *Bullets* many years "I won a First Prize in the early days," she reminded JOHN BULL, "when it was the highest award offered.

"I find *Bullets Bulletin* a great help," she concluded, "and the best advice I can give to my fellow competitors is to stick on trying."

The Third Prize of £25 and a Radio Gramophone was carried off by Mr. A. Barnes, 59, Waterloo Road, Peckham borough, with the bright *Bullet*, IN THE PINK—BRITAIN—AND "CLEARING FIXES."

"I have been a 'Bulletee' for several years," this keen competitor told JOHN BULL, "and not many weeks have ever passed without an award of some sort rewarding my efforts.

"My biggest success previous to this Third Prize was winning £1 and a Radio in Contest No. 884," he recalled. "That was an excellent instrument and has given me endless enjoyment, but it will now be replaced by an even better source of entertainment.

"Invaluable," was this lucky winner's opinion of *Bullets Bulletin*. "No competitor should be without its help and advice."

Each of these three successful entrants you will have noticed, has golden opinions of *Bullets Bulletin*, the bright little weekly published free for would-be winners by JOHN BULL.

If you are not already receiving regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin* see in the £500 Bonus Coupon opposite what your entry for *Bullets* first giant Competition Offer. Should you be a regular reader, you can still help yourself to share of that extra £500 by introducing *Bullets Bulletin* to a friend. In either case, your bid for that First Prize of £1,000 cash and a Coronation Week in London for Two *must* be in by Saturday, January 23.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 1057

Winners in this Contest are published in publication until next week's issue. Meanwhile, study the prize efforts in the "*Bullets* Football" coupon on this page and they will show you the way to win.

"BULLETS" FIRST MONSTER CORONATION OFFER

CELEBRATING "BULLETS" BULLETIN'S 7th BIRTHDAY

£1,000 CASH and CORONATION WEEK FOR TWO IN LONDON

CASH VALUE OVER £1,937

'JOHN BULL'S' CORONATION GUESTS WILL BE PROVIDED WITH BEST AVAILABLE HOTEL ACCOMMODATION, "MILLIONAIRE'S" SEATS FOR THE HISTORIC CORONATION PROCESSION, A ROUND OF ENTERTAINMENTS AND THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF A LIMOUSINE FOR CORONATION WEEK ENDING MAY 15 1937

10,545 OTHER PRIZES!

£50	£25	£20	£19	£18	
£17	£16	£15	£14	£13	£12
£11	£10	£9	£8	£7	£6
			£5	£4	£3

25 of £1

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 EACH
4,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
6,000 "STAR TARGETS"

CLOSING SAT. JAN. 23

NO. 1,039

£500 'BULLETIN' BIRTHDAY BONUS

BETWEEN WINNERS OF £1 OR OVER WHO HAVE ENCLOSED WITH ENTRY THE £500 BONUS COUPON ON THIS PAGE THIS MUST BE DULY STAMPED TO PROVIDE FRIEND WITH BULLETIN SUPPLY, OR TO PROVIDE ENTRANT WITH SUPPLY IF HE IS NOT ALREADY REGISTERED

N.B. MAKE SURE YOUR FRIEND IS NOT ALREADY REGISTERED, FOR NO EXTENSION OF AN EXISTING SUPPLY CAN QUALIFY YOU FOR BONUS . . .

BE QUICK WITH YOUR ENTRY FOR FIRST MONSTER CORONATION OFFER!

ONLY a few days remain in which to make your bid for success in the huge opening *Bullets* Offer of 1937, carrying Cash Prizes and Bonuses exceeding the appropriate total of £1,937.

Make sure that you enter by the Closing Date and a few simple words on one of the coupons on this page may well bring you that magnificent 2-in-1 Coronation First Prize. As that £1,000 winner you will then be invited to bring a companion up to London to celebrate capturing your four-figure fortune with a glorious Coronation Week for Two at JOHN BULL'S expense!

The best available hotel accommodation, exclusive use of a fine limousine with chauffeur throughout the week, a round of gay entertainments and, above all, millionaires' seats from which to witness the Coronation procession on May 12.

A splendid array of cash prizes follows the historic Coronation First and every winner of £1 or more in this Contest will receive a share of a special *Bullets* Bulletin Seventh Birthday Bonus, provided he or she has qualified as instructed.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

FIRST read slowly through the *Examples* and select, say half a dozen on which to work. Write down these chosen Examples and next start to add all the ideas each one brings to your mind.

Now, each of your finished efforts must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the selected *Example*. Your next step, then, is to polish up the phrasing of your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that you had been attracted by the *Example*, BUSY AGAIN. Against it you might immediately scribble down, *All Sorts Of People, Getting Ready For War*. That comment is too long and cumbersome as it stands, but you could readily produce from this rough idea the finished *Bullet*, BUSY AGAIN—SCAREMONGERS, DIPLOMATS, FACTORIES—PROFITEERS!

Before you start on your own efforts, turn to the "*Bullets* Football" coupon on the opposite page. In the winners produced for that great new £1,500 test of judging skill you will find several varying styles. Put what you learn from them into practice and your sensational reward may well be £1,000 and a Coronation Week in London for Two—provided your entry is in by Saturday, January 23.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,059)

BRITAIN'S STAR
THE ROYAL FAMILY
IN POVERTY'S SCHOOL
BROTHER v. BROTHER
WHEREVER SHE GOES
BOMBSHELL FOR WESTMINSTER
COMING STRUGGLE
FIENDISH
TO HELP BALDWIN
BUSY AGAIN
DISHEARTENING
JUMPS AT ANYTHING
WHEN HE'S FINISHED
THANKS TO ELECTRICITY
UPSET THE WITNESS
WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT
INCALCULABLE
WHAT THE CORONER SAID
TO REFORM
"YOU'RE WONDERFUL!"
A LONG PULL
WITHOUT TEETH
GET TO WORK AND
WIFEY WANTS FURS, BUT
FORCE
SERVANT OF MAN
WHERE THE FAULT LIES
HE'S A COMEDIAN, SO
LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS
BAREFACED SWINDLE
IN CONFIDENCE
DRAWING A BLANK
HEART OF STONE
THRILL FOR AUNTIE
CHEERFUL IDIOT
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two suggestions may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." The competitor's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be folded.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition is accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

£500 BONUS COUPON

I have affixed two 1½d. stamps below, signed this coupon and added name and address of friend for 'Bulletin' supply. Please register me for share of £500 Bonus offered in "Bullets" No. 1059, for which I enclose my entry.

YOUR NAME & ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

YOUR FRIEND'S Name and Address to be given below. If you are not already receiving "Bulletin" yourself, place your own name and address here.

.....

.....

.....

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(1,059) Closing SAT., Jan. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address	

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE OR FOUR words.

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(1,059) Closing SAT., Jan. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address	

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(1,059) Closing SAT., Jan. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address	

EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
EXAMPLE			
BULLET			
(1,059) Closing SAT., Jan. 23.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address	

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,056 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Raggett, 41, Southchurch Road, Southend-on-Sea.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,059 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,059, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How does she SLIM safely in Winter

HOW to keep slim during the Winter, with very little outdoor exercise and with rich, fat-forming Winter foods, is a problem most of us have to face. Solve it surely and safely, as she did, by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and make sure of having that lovely slender figure which Winter fashions demand.

"As I work in a gown shop, I was worried about putting on weight. Since taking Bile Beans I have got rid of all unwanted fat. They have brought back my girl-like figure, enabling me to show the gowns off to perfection."—Mrs. M. S., Liverpool.

* * *

"I confidently recommend Bile Beans to all who have a tendency to put on weight. Bile Beans not only remove surplus fat in a perfectly safe manner, but they promote vitality and keep one fit and in splendid health."—Nurse F. K., Nottingham.

* * *

"As a result of taking Bile Beans regularly my weight has been substantially reduced and my health wonderfully improved. My skin is again fresh and clear and I feel quite 10 years younger than I did."—Mrs. F. B., Edmonton, London, N.9.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH AS WELL AS YOUR FIGURE

243 B 54

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